

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Now that the Government has decided to treat the W.S.P.U. as a criminal conspiracy, the wonder to everybody is that they have waited all these months. The women, it cannot be denied, have had a long rope and as well as hanging themselves, they have done a certain amount of damage. Their destruction of property, for example, amounts almost to that of a good gale. They have ruined the reputations of two Home Secretaries and created a reputation for a third and the worst; in addition they have jeopardised for a while one or two of the elementary rights of society—free speech, for instance. For the rest, however, they have simply succeeded in making a nuisance of themselves, a nuisance at the outset amusing, but in the end annoying, but a nuisance never at any time threatening or serious. The parallel they draw between themselves and Ulster reveals their complete insensitiveness to political proportions. Ulster for the most part is compact and generally unanimous. The movement of resistance there is cemented by both race and religion. But the suffrage movement in England is not even a sexual conspiracy. It has not even the few poor roots on which the Nonconformist passive resisters nourish their animosity towards education. It is confined in the main to a heterogeneous handful of uneducated women and desexualised men whose notion of a social and political propaganda is metaphorically and actually to slam our doors and smash our china when they cannot have their way. We hope in all sincerity that we have heard the last of the W.S.P.U.

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It would be ironical if at the very moment when the Government with the fullest popular approval were sup-

pressing Suffragettes, the "cause" of the latter, the Votes were being conceded by the House of Commons. Here again, a misleading and mischievous comparison has been offered, that of our situation with the situation Lord Morley faced in India. The "Daily Chronicle" and other dangerously under-informed journals have argued that reform must always go hand in hand with repression and they quote Lord Morley's famous speech and conduct as their authority. But Lord Morley was dealing in India, not with a handful of incendiaries only, but with a spirit of unrest, a widespread and a dangerous spirit. Moreover, the reforms of which the unrest was the propaganda were reforms that were justly due and had over and over been promised to India. There is, as we know, apart from the general economic unrest, no widespread or dangerous spirit of unrest among the women of England; and the "reform," so far from satisfying what unrest there is or serving to fulfil any promise made to women, would aggravate the situation by adding to it the bitterness of the women who have never asked for and do not want a vote. Nor would the distress of the anti-suffrage women (let us say bluntly, of women) be the only result of the thrusting of the vote on them. There is scarcely a man whose scruff does not itch at the very thought of doing public business with women. This may be prejudice or it may be weakness, but then, as Gilbert said, the weakness is so strong. If we are to suppose that under any excuse whatever, Lord Morley's or anybody else's, women are to receive votes in face of the opposition of nine out of ten of their own sex, and ten out of ten of the complementary sex, the prospect for the vast mass of us, women as well as men, is repellent in the extreme. We naturally do not ask the House of Commons to save us from it—since the House of Commons has long since ceased to be able to save itself. But we can securely promise its members, if they pass votes for women, an addition to the public contempt in which they are held.

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A third manufactured analogy on which the advocates of the suffrage rely is that of votes for women to-day with votes for unpropertied men in 1832. But the parallel, as is usual with smatterers of history, is no parallel at all. The admission of men to the franchise was generally desired by themselves, was the addition of like to like, and threatened nothing worse than the disestablishment of a single class. The admission of women to-day, on the other hand, would mean, not only the disappointment of most of both sexes, but the addition of the unlike to the like in our franchise and the

disestablishment, not of a class merely, nor of a sex, but of the governing element, namely, reason, of human psychology. For in admitting women to the vote we are not mingling the unlike with the like as if the unlike were also an unknown quality. We know very well what it is. We have had a taste of it in the ferocious and lustful advocacy by women of the flogging of men. That element, the element of sexual injustice and of tyranny over men at any cost to the ideals of society, is the unlike element which the enfranchisement of women would introduce. What is this but to disestablish reason and to set up anarchy or what is euphemistically called intuition, in its place? The enfranchisement of unpropertied men in 1832 was, as we have said, no such reactionary and revolutionary proceeding. If Amurath was threatened on his throne it was at least an Amurath who should succeed him. The same laws, the same spirit of laws, were acknowledged by the class that aspired to a share in power as were established by the class that clung to power. It was a dispute at bottom concerning the control of law, and not about the nature of law. The enfranchisement of women at this moment, on the contrary, threatens society with a change in the very spirit of law, with the abrogation, in fact, of all law. For Coke upon Blackstone we are to receive Pethick Lawrence upon Pankhurst. Votes for Pankhurst, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton wittily summarised the movement six years ago, means even more than this: it means Power for Pankhursts; such power, at least, as they are capable of exercising.

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It would be ironical, again, if a movement so ill-inspired, so ill-directed, and so ill-conducted as the Suffrage Movement were to succeed where better movements in England have failed and are failing. This alone would be a sufficient reason for opposing its consummation. The inspiration of the movement, where it has not been the desire for celebrity and salary, of a few women, was the outcome of a defect on the part of the men's economic movement. In other words, its main origin was economic. But to this was added in a very little while, the vague longings inspired by the romantic Ibsen in well-to-do women, and called for short, Feminism. Both these origins, however, of the movement were forgotten or obscured so soon as the Pankhursts came upon the scene. Under their narrowing influence, the insurgence of women (a proper subject for reflection) was directed to the end of enabling Miss Christabel Pankhurst and others like her to sit in Parliament. But this means had no relation either to the ends proposed or to the power that could be employed.

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Assuming, as we may, that the economic situation of poor women was growing tragic and the spiritual condition of well-to-do women dull, needing new adventure, the means of the vote was the last that should have occurred to the pioneers of both sections as a means of relief. The vote, as men now know, is impotent to ameliorate the economic conditions of industrial and propertyless workers. It has done nothing for men and it will do nothing for women. Combination, if anything can, alone promises economic relief, and combination, not political division and diversion, was the proper means for poor women to employ. For well-to-do women, on the other hand, their ideals of Feminism were so far from being attainable by political action that every step towards them was hampered by the new political considerations. Until the W.S.P.U. was formed some six or seven years ago, women of the middle-classes were one by one learning to take the liberty of the upper and lower classes of women in social and sexual matters. The movement, in short, was all in the direction of experiment, experience and personal liberty. With the unhappy discovery by the Pankhursts that political agitation, though powerless may be profitable, came an end, however, to the hopes of a fair direction of the discontent of women. Henceforth both sections were to row one way while looking the other; and the more they progressed in militancy,

the further did the means of their satisfaction recede. It is notorious that women's industrial status has gone down in the last six or seven years. It is at least equally true if not notorious, that the spirit of education and self-culture among middle-class women is practically snuffed out.

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To add to the ruinous confusion of the movement, its misdirection of ends was accompanied by a total miscalculation of means. Society, if you please, was to be taken by surprise and by storm. But force was the very weakest weapon in the whole of the women's armoury. It was as if they deliberately challenged defeat for the sake of a striking advertisement of their political imbecility. Their model again was men's model, and was selected on the assumption that political methods are like scientific methods, indifferent to the character of those who employ them. Political methods, however, are part and parcel of political character. They do not exist like rules of arithmetic, but inhere in the personalities adopting them. The leaders of the W.S.P.U., however, devoid of history, politics, psychology and common sense, concluded that what the men of 1832 could do the women of 1908 could do and by the same means. They appealed to force. We have seen already what their force amounts to. They can suffer; but since their suffering is wilful it is useless, and being useless it arouses no sympathy. They can also destroy a little property and create a few scenes at public meetings. But that is all. They cannot and they dare not, being women, attack life; nor would it, indeed, have the smallest beneficial effect on their cause if they dared. Quite the contrary. Short of threatening our lives, however, force is of no value against prejudice. And, in the common mind at any rate, the challenge has been long ago accepted and the contest fought out. There is none of the hesitation in the popular mind concerning votes for women to-day that there was only a few years ago. The issue is settled for this generation. All the more reason, therefore, have we for saying that the concession by the Commons of votes to women would be ironical as well as unpopular. It would, moreover, invite every crackpot league to agitate by epilepsy and promise success to the most efficient nuisances and pests of society.

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That there is work for women to do, apart from aiming at a fancy franchise, is evident enough on all sides, but chiefly in industry. According even to the "Times" (of last Tuesday) the industrial position of women is "profoundly unsatisfactory"; and it is likely to become more unsatisfactory rather than less while the present tactics are maintained. More than one in five of the women over eighteen engaged in the clothing trades earn less than ten shillings for a full week's work; and in the food trades the wages are even lower. The "Times" attributes this appalling condition of things to the fact that women cannot or do not combine, that they have no industrial ambition and that half of them are under twenty-five and consequently can still cherish the hope of marriage. But the real truth is that women were not made by nature for industry, least of all for commercial industry, and all its methods as well as its ameliorations are alien to them. We would not like to share Olive Schreiner's responsibility in preaching to women the dignity of all labour. It is a misdirection of their instincts for which they will have to pay and she will have to answer in prolonged sorrow. Nothing will convince us, and neither will the statistics assist in proving, that women either desire to be in industry or are efficient or happy in it. On the contrary, they are there against their will, against their nature and in response to no deeper need than the demand of capitalists for labour cheaper than men's. Is this doubted because we alone have said it? Read, then, the "Times" to which we have referred: "Woman was called into the labour market," says the "Times," "as a cheap labourer at a moment of crisis; as a cheap labourer she has kept her place there ever since."

But not only has she kept her place in industry, but she is obviously destined, under the ruling stars of ignorance on her part and cowardice on the part of men, to increase to her sorrow her place in industry at the expense of men. Nothing, as the journalists say, can stop it save a miracle. We have already discussed the probable influence of the new American Tariff on our national position in the world-market; and the publication of the Bill as an English Blue-book shows that somebody in the Government is aware of its importance. "The principle of the Bill" (we again quote the "Times") "is to admit raw material and foodstuffs as far as possible free, and to make duties light on cheaper goods of general consumption, while continuing to make luxuries pay heavily." In short, it is a Bill to make the production of labour in America cheaper. What must be the effect of this on world competition we hardly think we need repeat at any length. But the concomitant effect upon the English working-classes is clear enough. The standard of men's living must either fall considerably, or fresh labour, of a cheaper cost of production, must be imported into our factories to take the places of men. Whence is this cheap labour to come? We are so damned patriotic that no capitalist dares import Chinese or coolie labour. Our proud proletariat simply would not endure that the cheap and dirty work of profiteering should be done by Orientals. The only source left, therefore, for capitalists to draw upon with the approval of their fellow countrymen is women; and thus, with all the certainty of economic fatality, the day of women is coming and the night of men. Which will be the more hideous to contemplate or the more painful to bear we shall not speculate. We are not pessimists, the evil of the day being quite sufficient for our daily needs.

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Of what the men are doing to avert this fate from themselves and their women it is not our intention to write; and, indeed, the materials are few. That they are brooding uneasily on the problem is the most flattering description that can be offered of their activity. Their leaders, on the other hand, both intellectual and proletariat, are manifestly extremely busy building their own nests and finding feathers for them, as if the present weather would last for ever and the sky were not already being darkened. It will be incredible to remote posterity that the Labour party and advertised persons like Mr. Webb, Mr. Shaw, Lord Brassey and others, should be alive during the greatest crisis through which the human race will by then have passed and should have missed not merely its significance, but their plain duties in the matter. We will allow, if our sentimental readers like, that Mr. Webb and Mr. Shaw may have started the "New Statesman" with some other object than that of attempting to divert attention from our economics; other object, we confess, is undiscoverable to us in their new journal; but we cannot allow that either was right in advising, as Mr. Webb did last week, the abolition of the strike or in buffooning, as Mr. Shaw did, with his piffling epigrams at the National Liberal Club to the detriment of any serious discussion of economics. What in the world does Mr. Webb think the proletariat have to rely upon if not upon their power to strike and upon their hope of one day being able to strike unanimously? Is he so wonderful that he can find a way of taking butter out of a dog's mouth, property from the capitalists, without any other means than the persuasion of his dull articles? The man undoubtedly is a fool who believes that the coming of international capitalism, with the permanent subjection of the proletariat to it, can be prevented by the publication of statistics. But he is more than a fool who, believing not this, would persuade the proletariat to lay down even the blackthorn of the strike before he had made ready to their hands a more formidable weapon. As for Mr. Shaw and his proposal of equal payment for everybody, we have already said, perhaps, more than enough. It is a notion for Bedlam or Paradise, and England is neither.

At Lord Brassey's mansion in Park Lane on Wednesday the annual meeting was held of the Co-partnership Association, at which addresses were given by Sir William Lever and Sir George Watson. Both these gentlemen are profiteers on a large scale and both are naturally anxious to secure cheap, efficient and, above all, reliable labour. We have no fault to find with them for doing this, since it is the way of the world at present. But what we can justly criticise is the absence from their speeches of any, the most distant, reference to the existence of trade unions. This criticism cuts, unfortunately, in two directions, for if it argues gross ignorance on the part of Sir William Lever and Sir George Watson, it argues equally gross neglect on the part of trade union leaders. What, then, for the thousandth time, is the position in regard to co-partnership? It is this: that co-partnership, as it is likely to be introduced, will associate the men individually with their employers to the certain destruction of the bond of trade unionism. This, we know, has happened in Mr. Carnegie's steel works in America, where only one small union remains among tens of thousands of workmen; and this, we fear, is intended by the advocates of co-partnership to be repeated in this country. But the remedy against the suspicion, if it be no more than a suspicion, is as obvious as the suspicion itself: it is to apply co-partnership to the relations between employers and unions. This is not an ideal solution of the problem of the national organisation of labour, since it would leave a combination of federated employers and united workmen to prey upon society at their ease; but it is, at any rate, a step in the right direction. Once give the unions as unions some responsibility of control, the State would find it easier to shake off the employers than the men and to substitute itself for the former.

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"It is greatly to be desired that any renewal of this miserable controversy may be avoided." The writer is the Principal of Mansfield College in the "Daily News" of Wednesday, and the controversy referred to is the dispute of the ministers and the vicars over their right to prevent poor children being educated until the religious fractions have settled their infinitesimal differences. In harmony, however, with the hypocritical opening of the article the Principal of Mansfield College continues, as we might expect from a Nonconformist, in this strain; "but there are some hard facts to be taken into account." Of course there are, and the hardest are the heads of people like the Principal of Mansfield College and the Nonconformist Members of Parliament who warned Mr. Asquith last week that unless the forthcoming Education Bill relieved the conscience of Passive Resisters they would oppose it. These and their flocks of carnivorous sheep are the hard facts to be taken into account; and their emergence at this stage of the Government's Bill proves how much they desire "this miserable controversy" to be left at rest. But how long, we continue to wonder, will men of sense permit themselves to be bullied and browbeaten by the stupidest set of coldly religious fanatics in existence? How long will these survivals of Lutherans, these religious nomads, these theological gipsies without picturesqueness, be allowed to block the path of educational reform? Just so long, we suppose, as they possess in the Cabinet such a typical representative as Mr. Lloyd George, whose conscience in matters of faith is sensitive, but in matters of honour leather. On the other hand, there exists a way of avoiding them and their wretched controversy which is at the same time a way towards education: it is, if we may trouble our readers with it again, the reduction of the size of the classes in all elementary schools, provided and non-provided, from the present sixty and more to thirty or less. As well as revolutionising elementary education, this simple plan would give both vicars and ministers enough to do without troubling themselves each about the other and neither about the children. A generation of boys brought up under the new circumstances would pretty well revolutionise the rest of our circumstances in addition.

Current Cant.

"Everybody must be aware that the King reads his Bible daily. But the habit has apparently not turned him into an uncontrollable Sabbatarian. Last Sunday he sat, I am told, for an hour and a half to a sculptor."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

"England is a nation of poets. . . ."—*Daily Express.*

"Has there been no answer to prayer? What about China? It is the most wonderful answer to human prayer. . . ."—*THE BISHOP OF LONDON.*

"There never was a better period for money-making in relation to fine art than the present."—*MORTIMER MENPES.*

"How far Christianity will obtain a hold over the masses remains to be seen; but, so far as outward conditions go, the prospect of a rapid extension was never so bright. . . ."—*Morning Post.*

"It is not at all impossible that the next King of England will be clean-shaven."—*London Mail.*

"It is thus obvious that the Labour Party in the House, numbering not more than forty men, is keeping the condition-of-the-people question persistently before the notice of unwilling statesmen."—*Labour Leader.*

"Civilisation means the gradual abolition of pain and premature death."—*Daily Express.*

"Wherever the Gospel has gone and been received, a wave of Spiritual Verdure has followed . . . the product of divine enticement."—*Christian Endeavour Times.*

"The day of the absolutely vapid woman is fast waning."—*MARY L. PENDERED.*

"It is the glory of Christian endeavour that it has always put first things first."—*REV. JOHN POLLSELL.*

"Lloyd George finance means making the broadest backs bear the biggest burdens."—*Liberal Monthly.*

"Old-age pensions afford a remarkable case of the recognition of the principle of equality of income."—*GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.*

"If religion is to keep its place in our educational system, and if any such high ideal as has been suggested is to be maintained, it will only be through the hearty co-operation of those who represent organised religion in this country."—*REV. W. S. SELBIE.*

"Those who have learnt to be clean will never be content with miserable, dirty dwellings in the slums. They will have developed a self-respect which is one of the most important elements in the character of the citizen."—*Daily Mail.*

"The time is overdue when the sense of public duty should take the upper hand of malice and party spite."—*News and Leader.*

CURRENT CO-PARTNERSHIP.

"The profit to be divided must be additional profit created by the better working. . . ."—*SIR WILLIAM LEVER.*

CURRENT CONVULSIONS.

"A deeply moving incident occurred in the House of Commons last night. In the midst of a lofty peroration of the miseries of sickness and unemployment alleviated by the 1909-10 Budget, Mr. Masterman suddenly broke down. 'The Budget,' he proclaimed, 'has financed the most gigantic scheme of social amelioration the world has ever seen, not only redeeming the miseries of sickness and unemployment and old age, but redeeming, also, what is perhaps more, the anticipation of these—' Here the young Minister stopped, his head bent forward, the muscles of his face worked convulsively. . . . He struggled with the emotion which surged in his voice. . . . Again the high-pitched voice broke off abruptly. His head sank forward, a flush of feeling reddening his cheeks. . . ."—*Daily Mirror.*

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE strangest and most significant feature of the Balkan crisis at this moment is that there should be so much optimism in London and so much pessimism in Vienna. Since it is Vienna and not London which can decide war, we are naturally justified in paying more attention to Vienna than to the meetings of Ambassadors here. The hurried consultations in Vienna between war experts on the one hand and members of the Government on the other have not been held for nothing. It may be taken for granted that Austria is not bluffing, and that she will act with determination and rapidity if her demands are not granted.

As I write, on May 3, Austria's chief demand has been expressed, both at Cettinje and in London, in a very concise form. It is that Montenegro shall evacuate Scutari unconditionally. Far from promising King Nicholas territorial compensation in return for this evacuation, Count Berchtold will not even discuss this question until the Montenegrins have re-crossed what the Powers have decided shall be the new Albanian frontier. Over and over again, indeed, officially and unofficially, Austria has definitely refused to hear of any territorial compensation for Montenegro, and not so very long ago there was even some unwillingness on the part of the Emperor Francis Joseph's advisers to consider the proposal to let Montenegro have a loan of a million or a million and a quarter sterling.

I have heard it argued that the Powers should carry out their original intention with regard to Scutari, and that they should take steps themselves to eject the intruder, thus making it clear to the world at large that there could be such a thing as a European Concert and that such a Concert could act unanimously, as a Concert should. As I have already said, however, the Powers have stultified themselves over and over again in connection with this Balkan war, and, Concert or no Concert, the Balkan States are not inclined to pay much attention to advice or commands from the European Cabinets. To take the two most prominent instances, it will be recollected that when the war broke out the Powers declared that they would allow no territorial changes to be made—the countries concerned might fight if they chose; but Turkey would be as strong afterwards as before. After a few victories by the Allies, and before the campaign had progressed very far, the same Powers stated that they had reconsidered this decision; and Mr. Asquith declared in the House of Commons that the Balkan States should not be deprived of the fruits of their victories. What two decisions could be more contradictory? Yet the Powers were as much pledged to the first as to the second.

The position, however, is not without its humour. It is at length decided that the Allies shall retain the fruits of their victories; and then it is suddenly announced—an announcement that the Powers did not expect—that King Nicholas has been able to capture Scutari even without Servian assistance. The position again becomes serious, for the Powers have just decided that Scutari was to be Albanian. But how can they reconcile the "fruits of victory" principle with the demand that King Nicholas shall leave Scutari; how, further, can they reconcile this demand with their declaration of neutrality at the beginning of the campaign? The Montenegrin Government is not backward in pointing these things out to the Great Powers, and pointing them out, too, with considerable emphasis, well knowing that the European Concert is a Concert in name and no more, and that the possibility of joint action is very remote.

Though joint action by the Six Powers may be remote, however, joint action by Austria and Italy has been practically arranged. Austria has determined to act—not by invading Montenegro, which would be a

difficult, tedious, and profitless task; but by invading Albania and attacking King Nicholas from another direction. The most optimistic view now held by the most optimistic authorities is that King Nicholas, seeing himself threatened by the Austro-Italian forces, will have a good excuse for saying to his people that he must yield. No discredit could lie on him for bowing to superior numbers, whereas if he left Scutari of his own free will his people might provide the Royal family with a motor-car.

It seems just now as if one very interesting feature were about to develop out of the strained Albanian situation. We shall probably see Albania benevolently patronised by Austria and Italy in almost exactly the same way as Persia was so closely protected by Russia and England. Austria is taking charge of the northern half of Albania, and it is the intention of the Italian Government, if trouble arises, to land troops at Valona, in the south. This is a very important move, much more important than it would seem at first. For Valona, as a glance at the map will show, lies almost opposite Brindisi, and any Power that can control both Brindisi and Valona can control the Straits of Otranto and the Adriatic Sea. If Italy definitely established herself at Valona she could do what she pleased with Austrian shipping and the Austrian navy.

In the light of what we have just heard of the troubles of the Provisional Government at Valona this is well worth bearing in mind. A telegram has just come to hand stating that the last remaining Turkish army in Western Europe, the 25,000 under Djavid Pasha, has captured Valona after a slight resistance and deposed the Provisional Government set up there by the Powers. Again, Essad Pasha is said to have proclaimed himself Prince of Albania at Tirana, under the suzerainty of Turkey. Although there may be some exaggeration in these stories—it is difficult to check news coming from Albanian sources just now—there is no doubt whatever that a great deal of intriguing is going on, and that Essad Pasha and Djavid Pasha are anxious to thwart the plans of the Powers as far as they can. Essad is a well-known Albanian landowner, and Djavid has at least 5,000 native Albanian troops with him, so that the joint forces are certainly not to be despised.

It is clear, however, that the very unrest thus caused affords a good excuse for Austro-Italian intervention. Italy has long desired a strip of land on the opposite side of the Adriatic, and this desire for expansion will naturally outweigh any sentimental feeling of affection between the Royal families of Italy and Montenegro. If King Victor Emmanuel can extend his possessions in Europe, he will have no objection to helping to eject his father-in-law from Scutari. It is true that such co-operation between Austria and Italy sounds suspicious; for we know well enough that the relations between the two countries have not been friendly for several years, and that there was even some talk of Austrian intervention at the time of the Tripoli campaign. At the present time, however, Austria cannot well help herself. France and England are unwilling to take part in a demonstration against Montenegro; Germany has her hands full with the reorganisation of her army, and the utmost that can be expected from Russia is neutrality. On the other hand, there would not be much to be said for the unanimity of the European Concert if Austria had to do the work on her own account. At best, it would be a difficult task, and if Djavid and Essad came to the assistance of King Nicholas, which is not an inconceivable hypothesis, it would be almost impossible. So Italian co-operation, however much it might be resented under normal conditions, will be very welcome if it becomes necessary for the Austrian troops to set out.

Even if, as is reported at the time of going to press, Montenegro gives way, it must not be assumed that the troubles of Albania are over.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

IN my last article I outlined the reforms which are necessary in the administrative side of the Territorial Force, now controlled by the County Associations. I now propose to deal with its training, which, like that of Regular units, is in the hands of G.O.C.s of commands, working through the agency of divisional and brigade commanders, who are almost invariably Regulars or ex-Regulars.

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Readers of these Notes will recollect that I have referred on several occasions to a spirit of demoralisation and discouragement which has affected Territorials for the last four years, and which has arisen from the deliberate cultivation in officers and men of ideals obviously impossible to attain. More has been demanded of them than is warranted by the circumstances in which they would be called upon to fight. They have been led to believe that a degree of skill is essential which is not essential, and when they discovered that, with their limited time and resources, they could never attain it, they believed and were encouraged to believe, that they were militarily useless. Hence a feeling of hopelessness and the growing tendency to look to conscription as a remedy. One can trace the process step by step in any Territorial unit.

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Now my case for the maintenance depends entirely upon the truth of this my contention that the task thus demanded of our Territorials is in excess of our requirements, and that, given the many facts of numerical superiority, etc., which would be in their favour, they are capable of holding their own in their present condition. If it can be shown that the present condition of their training is insufficient to allow of their standing up to foreign conscripts with odds of three or four to one on their side and an immense superiority in cavalry and guns (such being the odds against the invading force of 70,000 premised by the General Staff) then I for one shall be the first to admit that we must take such measures either of payment or compulsion as will raise the training to the standard necessary. If again, owing to any combination of circumstances the odds in our favour become reduced—if, say, invasion by a much larger force than 70,000 became probable—it would again become a question whether the degree of training would not have to be raised, and payment or compulsion would once more recommend themselves. At present, however, I personally am of opinion that the training we possess is sufficient, and that these alternatives are not required. If it be objected that it would be as well in any case to adopt them and thereby to render assurance doubly sure, I should reply that to render assurance doubly sure is not good generalship. It is a waste of force. The money so expended would be better bestowed upon our first line of defence, the Navy, or upon the Expeditionary Army, which is our striking force. When the bricks at your disposal are limited, it is foolish to waste them in building a double wall where a single one will suffice.

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Granted therefore that reductions may be made in the demands upon Territorials, it remains for us to determine to what degree and kind of training they are to be subjected, and whether the training which we decide upon will be within the reach of the Force as now organised, or whether it will remain a thing still so obviously beyond its reach as only to provoke discouragement by its unattainableness. And these questions cannot be answered without a short review of the training employed in the British Army during the past fifteen or twenty years.

* * *

Such a review will reveal a further and a disturbing factor which must be clearly grasped before being taken into account. We shall see that even if we are com-

pelled to grant that more training must be given to the Territorial Force than the voluntary system allows, there are grave reasons for doubting whether it ought to be on present lines. In other words, we shall be led to object to the training at present demanded, not only because there is too much of it, but because it is bad. I believe, and (although you never hear these things in England) I am not alone in believing that a considerable portion of the training which we administer to our Regular and Territorial troops is so faulty that the more of it you give them, the worse they will be: which is an additional reason for keeping it within close limits.

* * *

In 1899 the persons responsible for the moral and tactical training of the British Army then in the field could have congratulated themselves upon a very remarkable achievement. They had succeeded in turning out a force which, composed of men with far longer service, far stronger regimental traditions than those of Continental armies, and a national spirit and individual courage at least equal, doubled up under losses a half or a third as strong as those which the Continentals have been accustomed to bear, and, apparently was not ashamed of the fact. Nay, with the greatest self satisfaction, it proclaimed that, if anything, it had exposed itself too recklessly, and proceeded of set purpose to adopt a system of tactics even less bloody and more indecisive—with results which are recorded in the history of a stalemate that lasted a couple of years and added hundreds of millions to our National Debt. Now it will be silly and useless for emotional persons to write to the editor of this paper, and to denounce me as a cowardly slanderer of valiant British troops. I have said before, and I repeat, that the regimental officers and men were to all appearances, no better and no worse than hundreds of thousands of others who formerly left these shores on similar expeditions where they were accustomed to distinguish themselves in a manner recorded upon the illustrious standards which our present regulations compel us to leave behind us at the depots. But it must be added that if such is the case, the behaviour of the South African Field Army can only be explained on the supposition that the natural morale of the men had been sapped by a species of training in peace and of handling in war which can only be described as wicked and contemptible. To delude others into the belief that victory can be gained easily and without effort is wicked. To delude oneself in any way is contemptible.

* * *

A great French leader, educated in a better school, beheld this unfortunate army after its return from South Africa practising its miserable bullet dodging on the Surrey hills. He returned and reported to his Government that the English forces offered them in the case of an alliance were only fit for "little wars a long way off." Now things have changed since then. We do not any longer consciously regard bush-whacking as the road to victory. The doctrines enunciated in our red books are soldierly and sound, but, temporisers always, we have not yet had the courage altogether to expunge the ancient error. Consequently much of the spirit of our training is diametrically opposed to the doctrines which we enunciate. "Forward" and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it as though he meant it. Slimness, concealment, and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time will be devoted, after the necessary formal tribute to the orthodoxy of the moment; and the proof of the fact is that his Territorial pupils, who like all pupils, retain the spirit of the teaching whilst the letter is soon forgotten—or perhaps it was even overlooked in the learning—are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of what I can only term the "slimness" school, good shooting, tactical cunning, clever little tricks, are their standby and their stock-in-trade, and this is the worse because

if any troops in the world are unfitted to employ such tactics, it is a clumsy and slow moving militia from the towns.

* * *

And thus we have our unfortunate officer of Territorials, who by rights should be raising the morale of his men, teaching them to feel their own power by moving in large masses, encouraging them to press forward fearlessly in obedience to orders, showing them by every means in his power that hard fighting alone is profitable, and that the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralising by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

* * *

Consider this picture. It is a Territorial officers' musketry course at Hythe. A number of the keener men have begged, borrowed, or stolen two weeks' holiday, and are putting in the time at the study of musketry, which they have often been informed is the most important part of an infantry officer's education. They are being taught the "wind-table," the use of which is supposed to be something as follows:—You are leading your men into action and are at a range of some 800-900 yards. You are excusably excited, and so are they. You lie down to fire. Bullets are whistling round now and rafales of shrapnel are bursting in the neighbourhood of your head. The noise is appalling. At this moment it occurs to you (according to Hythe) that the wind is blowing half a gale, which you estimate by the nice process of observing the clouds and the trees. You then work out a little sum in your mind by aid of a little table. "Half a gale at 800 yards is so many feet to the right or left." This done you look and observe at the requisite number of feet to the side of the mark—a small white patch of sand; whereupon, having engaged the attention of your company by a method which Hythe has not yet demonstrated, you start off with something like this (when the bullets and the shrapnel allow you):—

"One tree on hill, two fingers right at seven o'clock, a small white patch of sand underneath a gorse bush. At the right hand bottom corner, five rounds. Fire!" One can only make a joke of such appalling twaddle, yet this is the stuff which Territorial officers are informed that they must teach their men, if they would be sure of military salvation.

* * *

That is the sort of training which errs by excess—by too great a refinement of things. Pass to another scene and let us see the sort which is not merely carried to excess, but which is wrong in itself apart from degree. The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reminding one irresistibly of a great big baby. "I tell you, gentlemen," he says, "the Japanese may be able to throw away life like this, but I am thinking that we simply dare not do it. We daren't go adoptin' these sloggin' tactics. We've gotter set tight and be careful of our men." This is the way that the Regular Army raises the Territorial Army's morale. Compare this with the remarks of the Japanese captain. "If I fall you will obey the orders of the lieutenant: if he falls, his place will be taken by the colour-sergeant: and then the senior sergeant: and you will continue to advance until every man is shot." Or of Colonel Inglis at Albuera, "Die hard, my men, die hard!"

* * *

Such is the training for lack of which the Territorials are condemned as "inefficient." I return to the question in my next article.

The Germanization of Switzerland.

By "Senex."

IN the well-known French periodical "La France Militaire" (Paris) there has appeared some little while ago an article calling attention to the growing influence of Germany in Switzerland, pointing out the dangers which thereby may accrue to the equilibrium of Europe, and possibly may jeopardise the security of the French Republic. This article has been stoutly opposed by "der Bund" ("The Federation"—one of the leading Swiss dailies) with more or less plausible arguments. It is necessary—so it seems to me—to reopen the case, to examine it critically, to present the subject from new points of view, to widen the outlook. This is what I propose doing.

For any Great Power which intends to control, to subjugate and eventually to appropriate a weaker State (even though possessed of considerable area) three ways are open, viz., (1) That of military conquest, by sheer force of arms. This procedure, in the countries of Europe at any rate, is out of date: it is antiquated and practically non-existent (contemporary events do not invalidate this view). (2) The second method is indirect; it acts by the power of wealth, by the might of finance. The surplus capital of the dominant nation is invested in that of the weaker one: harbours, railroads, canals, etc., are called into existence thereby; the commercial, technical, engineering staff of the former is transplanted and forms the nucleus of a colony which obviously, sooner or later, makes its influence felt. In public and in private life, these effects can, without difficulty, be discerned. In public life, through the share which the intruding element (more or less overtly) bears in political affairs, in the elections to positions of national or municipal trust. This way of acting is the one which is, and ever has been, congenial to Great Britain: it has been studiously followed up, especially during this elapsed nineteenth century, so that to-day (as commercial statistics show) every country on the globe is, more or less, indebted to this one. Such likewise is the *modus operandi* which the United States of America to-day adopt with regard to their southern neighbours—Mexico, Venezuela and the other States of the Latin Continent. Such likewise is the proceeding which is adopted by Germany at present, so far as its transactions with its possessions in tropical Africa, among the Pacific Islands, or in China are concerned. (3) The third way of appropriation is an even more indirect, and (since it often goes coupled with the foregoing) is a more insidious and dangerous one. It acts by moulding (i.e., reshaping and casting in a different mould) the very character and temper of the nation which is coveted. (To do so is, of course, a slow process—I am quite prepared to grant that—but it is a perfectly safe and infallible one.) "How is this transformation gone about?" it will be asked. "How is it accomplished?" I reply: By the hundreds, nay, thousands, of channels that mould and regulate public opinion. Two institutions stand out here with equal prominence, viz., on the one hand the Press, on the other the schools, i.e., the educational system. Artfully, yet with never-ceasing tenacity, these two institutions are brought under the control of the invader, and, on the principle that "the falling drop hollows the stone," success is sure to be achieved sooner or later. When public opinion is rendered amenable to the foreign "boss," two-thirds of the battle are already won. Other means, partly to ingratiate himself, partly to impose himself, are not neglected by the intruder; thus, in countries where a local dialect is spoken, the dialect is gradually eliminated, and the language of the invader substituted. Or again, intermarriage between the two races is favoured, customs are modified, and—last, but not at all least—sympathisers, friends, or what may be termed hirelings,

are returned to the councils, to the municipal boards of the coveted nation. The result is obvious, of course. The whole process is, as the reader sees, one of infiltration, of gradual, and almost insensible, substitution. Might not this be the way in which Germany acts—and intends to act—with regard to Switzerland? Let us see.

First of all, it is idle to pooh-pooh as visionary any scheme of subjugation other than that which would be made effective through force of arms. To do so would reveal in any statesman—or even in a journalist—either a singular lack of insight or of moral honesty. Yet this is precisely the conduct which has been observed (and the language which has been uttered) by Mr. Forrer, President of the Swiss Confederation in September last in Berne, in presence of the German Emperor, who had come expressly to Switzerland in order to inspect the autumn manœuvres. And if the Kaiser, wishing to express his pleasure at the reception offered to him, made the Swiss chief Executive ("Bundesrat") a present of a beautiful pillar-clock, would not Mr. Forrer have done well to remember the classical words of the poet of old: "Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes"?

However, this matter apart, let me come to the general burden of the present essay. I have before me a document which is noteworthy; which is, in my humble opinion, a declaration of principles and a programme.

In a German periodical of London which is appearing regularly I find, under date August 31, 1912, the following paragraph:—

"A WORLD-UNION OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

"A message to the periodical 'Information' tells us that there has been organised an international federation of the German tongue (its head office being in Zurich) for the purpose of promoting, spreading and making known abroad German interests, German methods and German life. The aim of this association will be to exalt the power and influence of Germany in the world; this can best be done by knitting all Germans residing abroad into a common bond of union. And not only those who are born Germans, but all those who feel themselves bound to the Mother-country by their up-bringing and training, by their appreciation of its literature and language, of its history and traditions—all those are invited to join. The association desires, moreover, to be helpful to those Germans living abroad, who may happen to be in straitened circumstances; and it pledges itself to assist them and their families with all the means in its power. Such emigrants must be furthered, materially and morally, whenever there is need for it. These efforts are, for this association, of a purely concrete order: while assisting the bereft ones, it helps to bring all the expatriated elements (which at present are disseminated) close together and to bring them into mutual touch. Yet, apart from this, the Federation has also a militant aim; it aims at fighting all the influences and forces which tend to thwart its objects in any part of the world. In order to attain this end the Federation proposes to establish what may be called Home-colonies in all adjoining (border) countries where Germanism might be placed in jeopardy. These colonies would be, so to speak, redoubts, bulwarks against the hosts of the advancing foreigner."

The effectual chairmanship of the Association is vested in Mer. Otto von Bergen, who is a well-known philanthropist. This gentleman invites all well-wishers, whether in Germany or abroad, to join him and help him strengthen the movement. The concluding sentence of this manifesto runs thus:

"Wherever German life sets up boundary-pegs, there help and endorsement must be vouchsafed to him" ("Wo das Deutschtum Grenzsteine hinträgt, da soll ihm Schutz sein!").

Thus ends the document. What does the reader think of it? Is it not pregnant with meaning?

From the French point of view especially it is significant: may one not say that it is a challenge of Germany to its western neighbour?

It would seem to be, at any rate, a case of heart-soreness to the latter.

I would ask the reader to re-peruse this manifesto: to observe what is written on, and especially what is written between, the lines.

It will then be seen that this document is the inauguration of an era of jingoism (not taking this word necessarily in a warlike sense); that it is the training, the breeding ground of Pan-Germanism. It will be seen likewise that this document aims at ensuring the supremacy, the hegemony of the Fatherland in the whole world.

Some knowledge of the facts and a little reasoning will demonstrate the soundness of this position.

What are the facts? What is meant by the term "Germany"? Is this term meant to apply only to that land as understood at present, as circumscribed by its present political boundaries? To opine thus, would be to entertain a gross delusion. Let the German literature answer. Germany has two songs, both of them widely known and very popular throughout Germany—one of them composed about a century ago by one of its leading poets—both beginning with the words: "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" ("what is the fatherland of the German?"), and ending (after having made an enumeration of the different regions constituting the whole) with the words. "Nein, oh nein, sein Vaterland muss grösser sein" ("No, oh no, his fatherland must be greater"); the other song winding up thus: "Wo nur die deutsche Zunge klingt" ("wherever the German language resounds," i.e., "there is Germany"). Now I ask, are not such songs the nursery, the hot-house for the display of chauvinism, and everything that hangs by it? And—let it well be borne in mind—these songs are studiously inculcated in every primary school of Germany: they are extolled by its academic youth.

I desire again to call the reader's attention to these facts—both from the point of view of what goes here-above, and from the point of view of what is going to be said.

I repeat: the formation of this League, at the present time, is significant. It is an event, and it constitutes a new departure. It is significant because it marks, in veiled language, not only the real tendencies and purposes, but also the ways and means of modern Germany.

This evolution is the outcome—the indirect, but none the less potent one—of its political development. Fifty years ago no German would have dared to hope for, much less to lay down, such a programme. It is since its death-grip with its powerful western neighbour that Germany has awakened, has asserted herself, has become bold and defiant, and now (as an Austrian writer residing in London puts it) suffers from "swelled head."

For to-day, chauvinism, jingoism in Germany is quite the "correct thing," the staple article. All public forces: the Press and the platform, Church and State, school and pulpit, literature and art combine to further it and to force it into prominence (needless to speak of the action of the army, nor of that of the navy, in this respect). Public opinion is favourable to it: whence else these frantic cheers, these bursts of applause that greet any national success, as, for instance, the aerial flights of Count Zeppelin? "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!" ("Germany, oh Germany, above all!")

How very different from the days of yore! Fifty years ago Germany was not only not over self-confident; it was the direct contrary. In its social, economic, and ethical manifestations it disparaged itself. It was anti-nationalist and certainly anti-jingo. Nothing then was good save what came from the foreigner—from England, from France. It was only in consequence of the aforesaid political developments that Germany began to

feel itself, so to speak, on its legs, and to claim a widening sphere in the transactions of the world. Yet, so deeply had the former habit of self-disparagement taken root in the minds of the nation, that during many decades its teachers, professors, writers, poets—did not cease lamenting over what they called the servility, the self-abasement of the German people. Even now this national trait seems to persist. And—what is more wonderful still—Germans, in spite of their assumed humility, do not seem to be popular when they go abroad. I have before me an article, published in "die deutsche Rundschau" ("German Review") by his Highness the Erbprinz von Hohenlohe Lagenburg, dealing with this very subject. His Highness (who appears to be tolerably outspoken) delivers himself as follows:—

... "To a considerable extent this dislike and shyness which the German travelling abroad is afflicted with and suffers from is the result of the preposterously long stage of disruption and humiliation which our country during centuries has had to endure. We have been the battlefield of a great many warring nations and, as a consequence, our people have become disheartened and cowed. Thus it is that to-day when Germans go abroad, they do not know how to represent properly the dignity of their country; they are not stiff-necked enough. It is necessary that we learn this; that we openly proclaim to the world at large, our power, our skill, our attainments." Thus this author delivers himself in substance. And—it must be confessed—his countrymen have learnt the lesson—too well in fact, as some might imagine. For the average German of to-day considers himself able to overawe and rule and dominate everybody, and to accomplish everything. And just herein lies the danger, so far as little Switzerland is concerned. And not only Switzerland, but all contiguous smaller States. What may happen to the Alpine Republic to-day might happen, e.g., to Belgium, Luxemburg, Holland, the German-speaking part of Austria, the Baltic provinces; to-morrow, they all might become absorbed through *modus operandi* No. 3 here above—they all might be sucked into the vortex of that python of Central Europe!

To those who say "this is visionary," I reply: "but observe how it is gone about! Is it not an insidious, a Jesuitical proceeding? Does not the falling drop hollow the stone? And have not our Teutonic cousins been at the school of Machiavelli?"

Let the future speak—events will decide.

But meanwhile flying straws show the extent and direction of the wind. And these "straws" are plentiful enough. Let us look at some of them.

In an important German periodical appearing in London, I read as follows, under date September 21, 1912, and per editorial article:—

" Wherever to-day changes of territory are taking place, Germany has a right to make its voice heard." ("Wo immer hente territoriale Verschiebungen sich vollziehen, hat Deutschland ein Wort mitzusprechen.") Yes, that sounds very plausible and perfectly straightforward. But is it the whole truth? Is there not some casuistry about it?

We have seen above how the German poet defines the boundaries of his land in a song which, moreover, public opinion has endorsed and ratified. But these boundaries are hardly ever, even during long periods of international peace, strictly immovable (I speak of Continental, not of British conditions)—they are apt to shift, to crumble (as the case may be), or to accrete elsewhere; they are liable, just as the erosive action of rocks, to become modified under the stress of public opinion, through the action of commercial treaties, of dogmatic strife, of clannish rivalries, and so forth. That this is so can easily be proved both in the light of history and in the light of contemporary events. National aggregation and segregation (the downfall of the Ottoman Empire!) are still going on, although often not observable to the casual reader. Little by little, pieces of the old edifice fritter away, until nothing is left. And might not this be the plan which is pursued with regard to Switzerland?

(To be concluded.)

Women and the Caucus.

By J. M. Kennedy.

ANYONE who has read Ostrogorski, or even the references to Ostrogorski's book in this paper, will realise the danger of any fresh extension of the franchise, whether the additional votes are granted to women or to men. It is not merely that the vote represents, in political power, the economic power of the voter and nothing more. This fact alone would make it impossible for any measure to be passed in defiance of the interests of the capitalists, whether the votes supporting it were male or female. There is the additional fact that every increase in the number of electors makes it all the easier for the Caucus to control the political situation.

The Caucus, which originated in the late 'seventies, and was definitely established in the early 'eighties, undoubtedly exercised a great influence from the very beginning—remember the difficulties of men like Cowen at Newcastle and Forster at Bradford. But it was at the General Election of 1892 and those which followed it that we find the Caucuses of the two great parties really at work; and the efficiency they now exhibit is not due to experience alone. It is due rather to the ease with which any secret organisation, securely founded on the unswerving support of economic interests, can manipulate politically any number of individual electoral units. The mere fact that electors may succeed in organising themselves in political bodies—such as the Anti-Socialist Union or the Women's Labour League or the Middle Class Defence Association—does not count at all; for here again the political influence of these bodies is proportionate to the economic battle which they are prepared to fight. If there were twenty Primrose Leagues, let us say, instead of one, no Liberal capitalist would think it necessary to order a supply of liniment for his withers. If the National Liberal Federation quintupled its membership, not a single Conservative land-grabber would turn a hair. Did not Lord Robert Cecil complain recently of the inefficiency of the Labour Party?

As a reference to political campaigns of the past will show, votes are now cheap and were once dear. Up to the end of the eighteenth century, when the voters could almost be counted, man by man, and when they could be almost as well known to the ruling classes as the inhabitants of Athens were to Themistocles, then indeed every vote was of value, because every vote represented some property, some economic force—not merely an opinion, but an opinion which, being attached to a name of local if not national weight and authority, could be supported if necessary by action. The electors after 1832 altered this situation completely; for it was impossible for candidates to keep in touch personally with the increased number of voters; and, besides, the increased number of opinions given in the form of votes naturally detracted from their weight. We do not find quality in bulk or masses. The franchise measures of 1867 and 1884-5 intensified this difficulty, reducing the personal influence of Parliamentary candidates and adding to the number of their agents and helpers.

Another factor to be considered is the steady decrease in the status of the vote after each extension of the franchise. It was realised by the ruling classes—though the realisation has taken a long time to penetrate even a small proportion of the other classes—that, while voters (plural voters apart, for the moment) were theoretically equal, the economic force at the back of the vote cast by a man like Sir Weetman Pearson was infinitely greater than the force at the back of a vote

cast by one of his workmen. Further, if the question of status is raised, no one will assert that the workman is any better off in status simply because he happens to vote at the same booth as his master.

If, then, women expect to improve their economical position by means of the vote they will be disappointed. Rather than grant substantial increases of wages against their will, capitalists may be expected to make use of all the forces of the State to quell any serious wage agitation, whether originated by men or by women. Men, profiting by their longer industrial experience, have had the sense to form themselves into trade unions, which, when capably led, are able to bring considerable pressure to bear on recalcitrant employers; but every sociologist is aware of the difficulty of getting women to organise similar bodies. Their apathy, of course, is almost invariably due to the fact that they look forward to the prospect of leaving industry for marriage, so it does not seem "worth while" to give up considerable time, energy, and money to the formation of bodies which are likely to be useless to them after they have left the factory for the home.

It is this very home, however, which is now being attacked by the capitalist elements; for, as was pointed out in last week's *NEW AGE*, competition demands the cheapening of labour by forcing women into industry. Olive Schreiner may say, if she will, that women intend to take all labour for their province. We know that this is not a fact, that they do not wish to do so, and that they could not even if they wished. It is not a question of choice on the part of women whether they shall enter industry or not; and it is not left to the decision of the men to keep them out or to let them in. Let women like or dislike it, the fact remains that they are being forced into certain trades. I say forced—and so long as they can work at these trades on lower terms than men, there they will remain. Not all the votes in Christendom will alter their economic or social status, unless their employers decide that some alteration is necessary for the purpose of securing increased industrial efficiency.

It follows that any women who are dissatisfied with their economic conditions, or who take part in the women's suffrage movement in order that the economic position of women generally may be improved, cannot expect to obtain satisfactory results via the ballot box. There were Labour leaders who thought, about 1889 and 1890, that the ballot-box was the best weapon; and workmen at that time were told not to strike unless on the ballot box—the phrase became classic. But these Labour leaders have learnt sense in the interval; and we should not now expect Mr. Tom Mann or Mr. Ben Tillett to lay the emphasis on votes which they did in the earlier years of their agitation. Experience, in short, has proved beyond question that political action alone is entirely useless as a means of raising wages. When there were no Labour members in the House of Commons, and the working-classes agitated through their trade unions alone, wages, though not satisfactory, were certainly better in proportion to prices than they are now. With the return of Labour candidates to Parliament wages went down with a rush, and the more Labour members the lower the wages. For every economist knows that wages, in proportion to prices, have been falling with particular rapidity since 1906, and there are no signs of an improvement.

This is a negative argument against women's suffrage; but there is a positive one based on the factors just mentioned. If the franchise were extended by the addition of a million women, the position of the Caucus, and of its supporters, would be enormously strengthened. The value of the vote would decline further, as it has always declined when additions were made to the number of electors. Manipulation of voters would become so easy that the members of the Caucus would be to the electors precisely what sheep dogs are to a flock of sheep. The prospect for anyone who takes politics seriously is certainly not a pleasant one. But the question of status remains, and the university women form a problem by themselves.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

I SAID in the first article of this series that the two things requisite in the renaissance were enthusiasm and a propaganda. For America I would say that the one thing lacking is simply the propaganda, simply a more conscious and more far-calculating application of forces already present.

There need be little actual change even in the existing machinery.

The enthusiasm is indiscriminate, but no one who has at all watched its courses can doubt of its presence. The profits of monopoly after monopoly have been poured into the endowments of universities and libraries, and into the collection of works of art. And any hoax that is even labelled "culture" will sell like patent medicine. That this does little good to the arts I grant you. But up to the limits of their comprehension and imagination the American people have done their best. I think there has been hardly a scheme proposed for the advancement of "culture" that has not been accepted and carried out.

I believe that if the donors of endowment could be persuaded to study history more closely and to take some count of the nature of the arts and humanities, they would readily be persuaded to support a more efficient machinery for their propagation and preservation.

It is lamentably true that the colleges and universities talk democracy and breed snobbishness, and that they lean toward petty monopoly. But this breeds an occasional rebel, by a process not dissimilar to vaccination.

It is true that the large enrolment of students is deceptive—if one consider it as earnest of intellectual aspiration, for the great bulk of the students are engaged in purely technical and utilitarian courses. As for "the humanities," the courses in these branches would seem to draw a preponderance of the dullest or weakest of the students, to wit, men who at worst want to become schoolmasters, and, at best, professors. And even then they are subjected to a system which aims at mediocrity, which is set to crush out all impulse and personality; which aims not to make men but automata.

And as an American painter said to me last evening, "So far as I can see the only people who are interested in literature are the artists" (i.e., in colour).

Of the painters it may fairly be said that if they do not "know" very much of letters, still they do "care" and read . . . i.e., some of them.

As to the libraries, especially Dr. Carnegie's, they are much maligned. I, at least, can testify that once when I was stranded in a most God-forsaken area of the middle west, where the college library was utterly useless, I found great solace in the Carnegie foundation.

Naturally the library cannot be expected to be much better than the minds of the local directing board.

But my aim all through this is simply to affirm that the faults of these institutions cannot be charged to the men who endow them—not, that is, as a condemnation. For these men, however skilled they may be in finance, cannot be expected to be expert in directing the higher courses of civilisation.

Roughly, taking stock of the machinery to hand, one finds it—dissociated, any one part useless to any other—as follows:—

I. Art schools and their students, creative artists in all the media, from paint to music and literature.

II. Universities, with endowment and with provisions for fellowships in the dissection of every dead matter, and no provision whatever for the fostering of the creative energies.

III. The Press. The daily and Sunday Press and the ten and fifteen cent. magazines.

Of the so-called "better" magazines I have written elsewhere. They are more filled with intellectual stag-

nation than a university "graduate school" class-room, and they fear the vital and renovating strata of letters more than they would fear beri-beri and the noisomest pestilence.

Surely it is disgrace enough for one decade that one's nation should permit Mr. R. U. Johnson to choose even a part of its reading matter, or that a combined influence of college and magazines should force us to be represented at the Sorbonne by the Rev. H. Van Dyke.

I would not for a moment lay one atom of blame upon these gentlemen themselves. I have not the slightest doubt that they are, to the limit of their comprehension, virtuous, monogamists, and respectors of those who have taught them. But if a people will thrust weak-minded mediocrity into positions of prominence, everyone—as we have seen in the case of his most commendable excellency, Mr. Taft—must pay the price.

I do not speak from any possible personal malice. I have met neither of these gentlemen.

I have submitted no manuscript to Mr. Johnson, but I have seen his correspondence with an eminent English novelist anent certain passages in an accepted serial.

As for Mr. Van Dyke, I have even less against him. I once read his earlier prose with some pleasure, for there are times when it attains the level of Richard Le Gallienne's. And once I heard him deliver the most eloquent of sermons on the beautiful but non-extant spirit of Cornell University, a creature—as I gathered from his emotion—born of Artemis and the Virgin Maria, a sort of Super-Demeter with added and finishing touches. *Une dame fatale!*

Both of these gentlemen would have filled stations only slightly lower in the social order with utmost credit and assiduity. I regret the personal reference, but they are eminently "successful" and should be content to suffer for their type, a type noble and important in the eyes of Messrs. Scribner's subscribers.

Yet American taste and discrimination will be held ridiculous in the world's eyes until America learns to pay reverence to something better. And for that matter, America has learned. I should write "Until America learns to *limit* her reverence to something a cut above this." "I hear America a-singing."

"Fat, sleek, contented with emotions well
Below the far extended diaphragm."

I also hear something a long way more consoling. I hear the creakings of a scattered discontent. Hardly a week goes by but I meet or hear of someone who goes into voluntary exile—some reporter who throws up a steady job to "come to Europe and breathe"; some professor from a freshwater college who comes away on scant savings. Our artists are all over Europe. We do not come away strictly for pleasure. And we, we constantly-railed-at "expatriates," do not hear this with unconcern. We will not put up with it forever.

You may say of us for a while—"Si che per due fiate gli dispersi"; but we will have our reply.

"S' ei fur cacciati, ei tornar d'ogni parte."

We have all to-morrow against you.

The three applications which I propose be made of the forces which I have earlier mentioned are, roughly, as follows:—

I. To drive the actual artist upon the university seminary; to restore something like fervour and well-lit discussion, citing as precedent the conditions existing in the University of Paris in the time of Abelard.

II. To drive the theses and the seminary upon the Press.

III. The super-college.

These propositions require too much discussion to be broached further in this instalment. The first two may seem mad and the third is, as I state it, probably incomprehensible, but have patience, I may be nevertheless in the grip of my lucid interval.

Letters from Italy.

XIII. FROM CAVA TO RAVELLO.

"Già riede Primavera
Col suo fiorito aspetto:
Già il grato zeffiretto
Scherza fra l'erbe e i fior."

"GIÀ RIEDE PRIMAVERA"—if I surge into a spray of adjectives and scatter epithets like drops of water, who shall blame me? For a week I have passed through the most alluring beauty of mountain and sea and sky; I have sat in the warmth of the Italian sun amid the fragrance of the broom and violet and flowers unknown to me; I have seen the country where Odysseus came, the sites of Greek settlements, of lost Roman cities, of Saracen strongholds, and the relics of Norman conquerors. And I have come now to the island of the Sirens, where whosoever lands is held captive by sweet desire. I excuse Addington Symonds his rhetoric and Pater his decorations. I have the lust for adjectives myself!

I suppose most people have some notion of what is meant by the "Amalfi drive"; I know I had all sorts of whimsies in my brain, but even my imagination had not reached Nature's. I begin almost to respect her (*id est*, Nature). Up till now I had a feeling that she merely plagiarised from landscape painters, but on the Sorrento peninsula I give her best—she is Theocritus and Homer in form and colour. And even those not unknown poets may have taken a hint or two from her previous practice.

Thanks to the gods and the poverty of the Italians there is no railway or tram along the coast, whose towns are Ravello, Atrani, Amalfi and Positano, famous as the scene of Saracen and Norman conquests. There is a carriage road cut in the rock, supported here and there by artificial arcades, but with too few to mar the beauty about one. The road runs first from Cava dei Tirreni to Vietri in the direction of Salerno. When I left Cava at half-past nine it was so cold that I smothered myself in wraps, cloaks, overcoats and the like, yet in a couple of hours it was so hot that I found even my ordinary clothes too much. So rapid are the changes of temperature!

There is no possibility of success in any attempt of mine to give a detailed description of the road and its beauty. I write this from Anacapri, in a glow of brilliant sunshine, which makes stodgy, direct thought impossible. I can only give scattered notions and impressions, hopping from one to another like a lizard over stones. And, after all, why should I mar the pleasure of writing by any attention to the laws of composition? "I am a stirrer-up of active rebellion."

Some lines back I began to speak of the road from Cava to Vietri. It runs parallel to the railway through towering hills of limestone. Among the sparse woods at the base of the hills grow yellow patches of primroses—those dawn-coloured blossoms which are perhaps the χρυσανθῆς κρίκος—gold, gleaming crocus—of Sophocles. (The real crocuses here are blue.) And above the primroses stand the narcissi, with violets and periwinkles. But the real beauty begins when Vietri is left behind and one is fairly on the way to Amalfi. Behind, and on the left, stretch the still waters of the Gulf of Salerno—"cœruli fluctus"—more sky-coloured in the March weather than the "wine-dark sea" of which we hear so much from Oxford pass-men. And beyond the water runs a long, hilly spit of land, where stand—though out of sight—the three Greek temples of Pæstum in their sunny solitude by the sea beach. The sea-water below the road is clear as spring-water in a white goblet, and its colour is taken from the substances beneath and the reflection of the sky. Wherever there is a beach of the pale-grey limestone pebbles, the sea-water ripples are almost white; over the weedy rocks it is blue; and where the few patches of sand show among the rocks the waves shine a clear green. Right of the road are the hills, seamed with the rain, coloured with vivid lichen and moss, and splashed with sudden tangles of golden-yellow broom, two other yellow

flowering plants whose name I do not know, together with the lentisk, blue thyme, and a fragrant drooping thing with small blue flowers. Over all shines the sun "that maketh bliss of all," and about the peaks of the tallest hills move, as in the choros, the cloud-maidens,* white against the sky and the darker rock. Where the bare stone shows among the flowers and shrubs and sparse trees, it is a bluish-grey colour with streaks somewhere between ochre and Indian red, but paler. And across this ecstatic colouring flutter the Small and Large White butterflies, and the yellow-saffron Goneteryx rhamnii—whose English name I forget. Almost every moment green and brown lizards, startled by the clatter of the horses, scuttle across the warm stones and plunge into their clefts. They skitter along almost like mice, and whisk their long tails after them with prodigious energy. Occasionally the carriage passes a few olives, whose leaves glitter as they move gently in the sunlight. There are few other trees, except in the lemon orchards, which are planted in terraces cut in sheltered ravines, where the abundant yellow fruit is protected by rough straw thatching.

In such wise the country seemed to me as the winding road brought up headland after headland, or gave a sudden glimpse of Salerno, hidden behind the cliffs by the seashore. Sometimes we passed a little village like Cetara, and after the Capo d'Orso, larger places like Majori and Minori. Where the land ran back enough to make a little landing place of sand, fishermen had their boats or spread their nets for the sun to dry. And so we came to Atrani, which of old was part of Amalfi, until the connection was destroyed by floods and storms and conquests.

From Atrani the road turns off to Ravello, winding and twisting back upon itself to ascend the 1,000 odd feet to the old Norman town. On the most prominent crags, as on the tallest rocks by the sea, stand the ruins of "castelli," some erected by the Saracens, others built later as a protection against pirates. Down a glen, by whose side is a rough stony path, falls a little stream, whitening as it breaks over steep descents, and pellucid in the little pools at the base.

The driver beseeches you to get out for the benefit of "i cavalli," and as you go up the path you pick the scented blue violets and the mauve anemones, while the large daisies are white in the green herbs.

At Ravello one sees the restored Norman "cattedrale," with its elegantly chased bronzed gates, green with age, but still lovely. The mosaic pulpit is finer than any such work in Rome—even than the similar decoration in San Giovanni Laterano. The twisted stone and mosaic pillars rest on the backs of six grotesque lions, exactly like those which Mr. Bannister-Fletcher's works teach one to call "Lombard-Romanesque." The sides of the pulpit are wrought with vari-coloured designs in mosaic, with a stone eagle on the left. On the back is the head of Sigilgaita Rufolo, with profile faces in white stone beneath—all three curiously like a very degraded Greek type.

From the garden of the Palazzo Rufolo—built above the ruins of a Saracen castle—one looks across the sea and the cliffs towards Salerno. It is the finest "view" imaginable. One sees the straight, slim pillars of the Saracenic architecture, with the strange, twisted ornaments above the many-groined roofing, and the remains of the Oriental bath. And then the guide asks if you would care to see the terrace. There grow the gillyflowers and roses, fiesie, and hyacinths and more, whose names I forget or never knew; and there go the great rolling hills shining in the noon sunshine, with the blue plain of the sea below. It is not mere rocks and trees and "landscape"; it is a kind of madness; one feels the necessity for the immediate re-introduction of Dionysiac ceremonies. Here, indeed, those who are "strangely in love with Nature," find beauty to soothe and satisfy their love.

Now let's go and have lunch.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

*Παρθένους ἄμβροφόροι

Present-Day Criticism.

ON culture. Satire should note that the very persons who regard the mind as a plaything, an organ for relaxation from the real business of life, complain that culture is detached and passionless. These persons, possessed of speech, yet who never select their words, live in terror of this powerful word which turns against them whenever they use it. Its import is, to them, incomprehensible, yet the thing it signifies is constantly disconcerting them, and always just when they seem to have successfully drawn the world's attention to the nothingness of culture. To disparage culture is to find oneself at last without influence, and this comes about because the mind of man is nothing truly unless an instrument of culture. As education, common knowledge, is an instrument of the mind, so the mind itself is the instrument of true or spiritual knowledge. And there are cultural imbeciles. To these, culture invariably means something to do with books and book-learning, especially in our time, the Greek and Latin classics and the classic forms in all literature. The Philistines really hate the classics; and thus we behold culture, detached and passionless culture, arousing these would-be destroyers to as pretty a "passion" as they are capable of feeling. Of course culture is the one true passion of mankind; but do not let us confuse the effects of passion with the familiar phenomena caused by the blood and bile, these phenomena which do so take our Philistines when exhibited on the stage or in novels and pictures. In real life such brutal phenomena are brutally suppressed. The homicide is hanged for his mad brain, the thief is slowly tortured for his nonconformity, the irritable man is ostracised for his torment of a liver, the jealous man is bid not be a scandalous fool. The tears and laughter of a Philistine at the play or reading a book are no criterion of his everyday life. He will groan over "Justice," and not turn a hair at hearing of Akbar. He will snivel over "The Widow in the Bye Street," and acquiesce while the Home Secretary sends an eighteen-year-old boy to the gallows; he will grin over Pompey's wisdom in "Measure for Measure": "If your worship will take order against the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds," and give thanks to God that he himself would, if necessary, flog the bawds, though the knaves needed gelding to keep the hypocrite Angelo's law. Poetry and drama are all very well, but we can't stand any nonsense in real life! No "passions" here please; life is for business!

Business is commerce, legal cases, consummated marriage, education, religion—and very closely in this order of importance. In none of these serious concerns would passion be even tolerated, let alone demanded. A passionate judge, dependent on his physiognomical whims; a passionate wife comparable but with a toothache; a passionate schoolmaster, visiting Tommy with Lord Haldane's sins; a passionate pastor, purple-visaged below the Mount: these would destroy themselves by exhibiting passion, and the meanest placid man would consider himself their superior. The consequences of "passion" in these "spheres of reality" are immediate. But in culture—as the Philistines understand this—why, what is it for but to let off steam, to indulge the emotions with a safe, inconsequential book, picture, or play. If it does not mean this, what is it but knowing Greek and Latin, and if it is not even this it is nothing, friends, the empty boast of cranks and prigs. Ask them themselves, and you'll see they can't tell you what they do mean by it! We seem to thrive well enough without it, do we not?

And what is culture? What, indeed, has it to do with the grand machinery of a mighty modern nation? A man can live without it, live, get rich, go to law, marry, educate his sons, and die. And most do die with never a notion of this culture, the quality of life. It would be hard to convince "Felix Elderly's" thirty millions that, without culture, they live and die to no more purpose than mayflies or ants. It is impossible to show the unculturable person his defect. As easily try to prove to shadows their shadowiness. Tell the rabbit that his run

betrays him unintelligent, tell the fox that men calculate upon his very cunning, tell the ape that he is no man, and you shall make as much impression as by telling the unculturable person that not money, or law, or sex, or education, or religion rule the world, but culture. You will fail with the unculturable person for the same reason that you would fail with the rabbit: the understanding is not there! Upon the unculturable person only mechanical effects make the least impression—effects of financial ruin and prosperity, physical imprisonment and liberty, respectability and scandal, illiteracy and a University degree, a vague sociable heaven and a hell of flames. The average man evolves, so far as he evolves, between these opposites of activity; he begins by dreading eternal torment and he ends by striving to die rich. Culture is no more to be defined than life. We have it, or we have it not. The ways of culture are subtle, metamorphic; anonymous. Culture, like virtue, is a gift and, therefore, no way to be acquired! If your heart sinks at hearing this, consider yourself blessed! Whatever qualifies goodness and genius, profound, unseizable, trackless, this is contained in culture. No wonder that common men esteem it a poor sort of thing! Yet, they obey it blindly, and the better they are, the more blindly. They obey it when, amidst their demoniacal ferocities, they decide against dum-dum bullets; when, though enraged to hatred, they refrain from visiting women's irresponsibility with the natural severity of hatred; when they dismiss a statesman more for being a fool than a rogue; when they pray to Whom they know not.

You see that all this has nothing to do with Books! But our Philistines will be outraged to hear of culture apart from books. They will not believe it, though certainly no one would try to make them believe it.

One blessing of books is that we may find therein absolute deterrents from missions to the Philistines. Reflect, for instance, how many years it is since Matthew Arnold warned the world that Mr. Frederic Harrison, book-read man, was an enemy of culture. Mr. Harrison is still an enemy of culture. He is incapable of discoursing for five minutes without offending against taste and sense. And he has bequeathed to Philistia a son! Down to a son, Mr. Harrison has few equals for lack of culture. Mr. Austin Harrison is a joke to some people. He can never be altogether a joke to the unwary disciple of culture who may chance inopportunely to see the "English Review." He is then even something of a torture. Just before beginning this article, the present writer stood leaning over a blank page marvelling, if the truth must be told, at some cultural defects in *NEW AGE* columns. Now this subject is by no means hopelessly depressing. Nevertheless, a very odious depression arrived, grew, and at length declared its source. Open, upon the board, lay our beautifully printed blue contemporary; and our outer mind was very busily committing to memory printed sentences from the pen of Mr. Austin Harrison! "To inspire—which is to lead; to do good, a people, or an individual must always be strong. But to be strong it is necessary to be hard—to oneself first and always." We turned over a page, astounded by this philosophic chatter. "New ideas, new truths . . . Karl Marx has come, the Russian Ballet has come, Lloyd George has come, Mrs. Pankhurst has come . . . airships, territorials, Joseph Conrad . . ." It is as if a gramophone had mixed its records! Mr. Harrison borrows Nietzsche. "Be hard, my Friends." We assume at least a perfunctory reading of "Zarathustra"; and we conclude that since Nietzsche himself has failed to snub Mr. Harrison, we should waste space in dramatising Nietzsche's probable reception of this little tribute from Tavistock Street. Mr. Harrison, then, also implores his friends and himself to "be hard."

Though Nietzsche should descend to convince him that his article on "blather" is blather of the softest order, he would merely tighten his eighth and Philistine skin by way of combating criticism. It would be complete waste of space to inform Mr. Austin Harrison even that he is a blatherer—if there were no literary young

about. These young are unknown possibilities. The only thing certain regarding them is that they are very defenceless, especially defenceless in our age when they are being made the sport of the adult literary world. Rather oldish young men—our Cannans, Masefields, Gibsons, Yeatses and Tagores—are desperately trying to protect themselves from the rising new tide. Amongst other magazines, the "English Review" is a little cave of retreat for these youngish old men, and no one would grudge them a place to perish in. But, behold in this issue of Mr. Harrison's periodical something good and with no business in this gallery! It is a "sonnet" by a Mr. Philip N. Fish. He calls it a sonnet, but that is because every fourteen-lined thing is liable to be called so. His rhymes are horrible; his punctuation the worst we ever saw. If he is over twenty-five, we warn him that he is as good as mortal; but in case his crudity is still formable, we quote his "sonnet" for its tone.

WAYSIDE SOPHISTRY.

Of Creeds and Faiths 'tis said there are ten score,
And yet for many folks they prove too few,
But, Brother, an there were a thousand more,
The desert would suffice for me and you;
For Truth is manifest on silent plains,
As twilight steals athwart the caravan,
And Hope, engendered by swift rainbow stains,
Dwells on the glaciers of Thian Shan.
So leave the foolish priests to drone their psalms,
The power of Eblis still remains the same,
Forsake all pundits, have recourse to charms
Should wives prove barren, or a horse go lame:
Trust me—I know a skilled astrologer,
In far Aleppo, off the Street of Myrrh.

It is the pleasure of the disciple of culture to be alert for the least sign of light. If the above lines, which are illuminated with the excellent qualities of humour and sense are the work of a young man, we congratulate him, and greatly condole if he be fatally yeared, and this a defiant flicker against the blackness of Philistia. The verse has certainly crept in by oversight amongst ten "sonnets" by almost as many Philistines, including one by the egregious Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, affirming that—"Your curving lips were made for kisses, sweet." That—in an article on culture!

Pray Heaven we have not invited the Furies hither!

Readers and Writers.

An article in the "Daily Mail," rumoured to have been written by Lord Northcliffe, foreshadows some changes in the price of daily newspapers. Fleet Street, though known to everybody, is still unknown publicly. You may tell every soul in England the facts of a case, but unless each knows that the others know, the news remains private. The news in this instance is at once old and new. Newspapers are finding it more and more difficult to carry on at their present prices. Quite half a dozen well-known dailies are losing money; and with one or two exceptions the rest are doing no more than make both ends meet. Something, says the "Daily Mail," will have to be done; and that something is to raise the price from a halfpenny to a penny. In the case of the "Times," the new price of twopence is obviously only a half-way house. As the halfpenny papers come up the "Times" will have to come down. Great is the penny under democracy and it shall prevail.

* * *

The condition, however, of weekly journals and reviews is even worse than that of the dailies. Advertisers now buy space on Mr. Asquith's principle at so much per thousand of circulation; and since a three-penny or sixpenny journal has of necessity a comparatively small circulation, their revenue from advertisements is dwindling. THE NEW AGE is not the only weekly that should appear without advertisements; several of the others insert "dummy" advertisements "pour encourager les autres." It is a bad plan, and the results serve the proprietors right. I have just been looking for the hundredth time at the latest balance-sheet of THE NEW AGE. The loss last year

was something over a thousand pounds, or about twenty pounds a week. It is hard for journalists, not inspired by the hope of immortality, to preserve their respect for a public that will neither make a paper pay by circulating it nor themselves pay for its exclusiveness.

* * *

Browning's letter to the Inland Revenue declaring his innocence of profits on his poetry has been published by the "Daily Chronicle" as if we had never heard of it before. But the contents of the letter were known to every student years ago. Browning, it is clear, was in the Bohemian tradition, the great tradition, of literature, which is never to write for money but to take money when it comes. The distinction between writing for money and receiving money for writing, is not a quibble, but a fact of aesthetic psychology. Nobody who is unaware of it should profess to be a man of letters. It does not follow, however, that men who do not write for money are good writers; the only admissible deduction is that the others are bad. Browning, for example, was in my humble judgment no poet at all; but he was a devoted and a sincere athlete of verse in whose workshop a dramatic poet might have been shaped. He remarks, by the way, that he "got a good deal of reputation—university honours and so forth. . . . just because he never wrote for money." That was twenty years ago. To judge by recent examples, he would be despised in the universities to-day for the same reason.

* * *

Miss Evelyn Underhill's work on Mysticism has been praised more than enough, and most of all by people who could not explain what they mean by mysticism to save their lives. The word itself is in the air to-day as other words have had their fashion. It would be amusing to watch a modern professor as he retraces to its real source the emergence of mysticism from the cells to the daily Press. Somewhere in the late seventies he would arrive at Madame Blavatsky, and there, I should say, he would stick, refusing the evidence of his senses. A more acceptable origin for the popularity of the word was a speech by Lord Rosebery delivered some ten years ago in which he described Cromwell as a "practical mystic." I remember saying at the time that we were in for it now; and we were—and still are. James' book on the "Varieties of Religious Experience" is of value to psycho-pathologists; but the other well-known work on Mysticism, by Dean Inge, is of no value to anybody. Like Mrs. Webb's mysticism, which Mr. Wells described as that of a railway whistle, Dean Inge's mysticism is as hard and mechanical as the railway engine itself.

* * *

Mysticism is like classicism, a life and not merely knowledge; and its genuine sources are therefore personalities and not doctrines. Nietzsche remarked that the most unclassic of men might become great classic scholars; but if they should ever be introduced to their subjects, the latter would not recognise them. Fancy Jowett, even, conversing with Socrates and the young men in the Athenian palæstra. He would know more about them than they knew of themselves, but he would not be one of them all the same. A pretty subject for a dialogue there! Mysticism, as I was saying, is of a parallel order. To understand mysticism, more than knowledge about it is needed; we must be fired by the example of mystics, embodied either in life or in art. What Homer's heroes were to Greece, in the way of classicism, the heroes of Indian literature are, or ought to be, to Europe in the way of mysticism. More real mysticism can be gathered from the Mahabharata than from the whole collection of modern mystical writings.

* * *

I agree with my colleague that the Norse mythology is useless for us. Besides being shapeless and crude, it is barbaric and without art or subtlety. It does not represent the glory to which we aspire, but, at best, a glory which wrapped us around in racial infamy. Nobody can say this of the Indian epics, least of all of the Mahabharata. It puts Homer into the shade; he

is a marvellous boy in comparison with the marvellous manhood of Vyasa. Unfortunately, this glorious work, the Alpha and Omega of the Aryan race, is difficult to obtain in a complete form and in satisfactory English. We need a cheap and good edition badly. But it will come. I was so impressed some time ago by the importance of the "Mahabharata" to England that I attempted to raise the money to present a copy to every reader of THE NEW AGE. There is an excellent translation of which I believe the copyright has run out, by P. Chandra Roy. Even his clichés are inspired. I bought a copy the other day for £4 10s., though it can be had occasionally, in an unbound form, for much less. It would require about seventy or eighty supplements of twenty-four pages each to publish the work completely in serial form in THE NEW AGE; and the cost would be something over a thousand pounds. Two hundred pounds were promised me, but the rest is being expended, I suppose, on getting votes for women or some such trifle. I ought to say, however, that the carrying out of the project is one of time merely. Our scholars, now busily editing Indian texts, are sure to be followed by popularisers. And there are some Sanskrit scholars in England! The best in the world. The recent "Vedic Index" in two volumes, published by John Murray, is a monument of industry, all the more gratifying to our pride for being unobtrusive. Back to India is the new word of literary progress, but not, oh not, via Tagore!

Who is Mr. Irving Babbitt? I have not met his name before, but reading between the lines of his new book: "The Masters of Modern French Criticism" (Constable), he is both somebody and (what, perhaps, is the same thing) a reader of THE NEW AGE. The "Athenæum" complains of him that he devotes most of his work to modern philosophy and not to modern critics; but that is surely the right proportion. Criticism without philosophy is not criticism but impressionism, depending upon whims and moods. Mr. Babbitt, so I understand, would have critics return to or re-create definite standards of literary values; not the "rules" as formulated by Aristotle, but the same rules formulated anew and in a modern dialect. "What is most needed just now," he says, "is a critic who, without being at all rigid or reactionary, can yet carry into his work the sense of standards that are set above individual caprice." Precisely what we aim at, with so much unavoidable offence in the endeavour. But if our modern anarchists will not listen to critics they must be flayed by satirists. And here again Mr. Babbitt is in accord with THE NEW AGE. We need, he remarks, "a satirist who, like Boileau, shall have a positive hatred of a stupid book." Well, has not my colleague—and my other colleague—this hatred?

R. H. C.

Democratic Confusion.

By Arthur F. Thorn.

"FUNNY thing," exclaimed the sour-looking man who sat opposite, "but I've never noticed that big electric advertisement of Miggin's Ale before, an' I've travelled this line close on twenty years." His companion, who was reading a Liberal newspaper, placed it upon his lap and wiped his eyeglasses. "P'raps you've never looked out of the window at the right time," he suggested. "If you're sitting with your back facing the engine, it's ten to one you don't see it; then, on the other hand, if you don't turn your head at the identical moment, the train passes by before you can say 'cheese.'" The sour man nodded his head slowly. "Mebbe you're right," he remarked. "Any'ow, I've seen it to-day; wonderful bit of work I reckon, wonderful bit of work." The train scuttled into a tunnel, and in the dim light from the small oil lamp let through the ceiling I saw the sour man muttering to himself with half-closed eyes. His friend, who had been gazing into the moving wall of the tunnel, stroked the newspaper that lay upon his knees affectionately, and then addressed himself to his companion. "What you

want to do is to see it at night, when it's working—wonderful it is. The name Miggins lights up all along the top first; then the barrel of beer appears; then the beer pours itself out into a glass underneath till it runs over the side; then the whole thing goes out—bar the name Miggins along the top. That changes colour three times—red, green, and blue; then out goes the name an' all. Most fascinating it is. First time I saw it proper was last Thursday night—the signal was against us at Ford Junction. We got a good view of it for about five minutes. They do say it's visible, quite clear, three miles off—up there on Woodstock Hill." He stroked the newspaper again and re-adjusted his eyeglasses. "Ain't it a size?" remarked the sour man. "Must be more'n a 'undred feet 'igh. That must have cost close on five 'undred quid; then there's the land—that ain't so cheap at Ford Junction neither. Then there's the labour and all them electric bulbs. 'Ow many bulbs would you suppose was used in that advertisement alone?" His friend gazed at the paper upon his knees for a moment. "How many bulbs?" he repeated. "Well, I should say about two thousand." The sour man sucked in his cheeks. "Must 'ave cost Miggins a fortune," he said quietly. "Think of it—a couple of thousand electric bulbs; that's about five hundred quid for a start; then there's the building of it, an' the land an' the electricity, an' the labour." The expression upon his countenance amused me. If he himself had paid the bill it would have been difficult for him to have pulled a longer face. I leaned across and entered into the conversation. "But Miggins' is a very wealthy firm, is it not?" I inquired cheerfully. "Mebbe or mebbe not," he replied, pinching the end of his thin nose; "but don't forget the enormous expenses these big firms 'ave. Don't forget the thousands of pounds they 'ave to spend on these electric advertisements all over the country; don't forget the working expenses an' wages they 'ave to pay out." He grew confident, and tapped me upon the knee. "Now, I'm a business man in a small way meself; I know what it is. I find it very 'ard to make both ends meet. So I looks at it this way: If *me*, a small, struggling man in a small way of business, employing seven 'ards, can't make both ends meet, 'ow much more 'ard must it be for a big firm like Miggins employing 'ere—thousands of 'ands? Think of the responsibility! Any man what's run a business knows what the responsibility is." He turned to his friend. "Don't you agree?" he asked. The man addressed rubbed his hands together. "There's a deal of truth in what you say," he remarked blandly, "a deal of truth. The responsibility of a big firm like Miggins can't be denied, not for a moment. But what I do say is that their responsibility is not so great to-day as what it was before the Liberals got to work. Here's the Liberal Government"—he smacked his newspaper—"here's the Liberal Government shifting the great burden of responsibility from the heads of the big firms to their employees, thereby giving the heads of the firms more freedom for the development of their enterprises, all to the benefit of the working classes." He smoothed his newspaper and lowered his voice. "Now, I'm only a small man, too; my total number of 'hands' is twenty—very small turnover, very small. Now, I'm not worried about my hands to-day like I used to be ten years ago. You'd hardly believe it, but once upon a time I had to know the private business of all my men. For instance, when Bert Towers wanted to get married he asks for a rise. Well, now, it stands to reason I had to know what sort of a man he was outside of my shop. I had to make inquiries into his private life. I had to find out how he spent his wages; whether he was thrifty; whether he would earn enough, with a small rise, to keep two instead of one. Now, in his case it turned out alright. I found he was a steady young feller, teetotal, and all that. But in the case of Jack Billers, on inquiry into his private life I found out he was a gambler, not a 'aporth of thrift in the man, boozed every Saturday night regular as clockwork. So you bet *he* didn't get a rise. Where's the common sense in raising a man's wages if he's going to waste

'em? You wouldn't believe the trouble I've had with my 'hands' from time to time. Sickness, accidents, and the like. But now, to-day, all that's changed. I'm not put to the trouble of inquiring into these things. I don't care if my 'hands' get drunk every Saturday or not; all I want is a full day's work out of 'em, a full day's work. Then again, I can sack 'em quick without any bother; I couldn't do that ten years ago. It don't hurt me to sack a man to-day like it used to. I'm not so responsible for 'em now. That's the secret. The responsibility has been shifted over to the State—over to the Liberal Party." He stared round effusively and stroked his moustache. The countenance of his sour companion had undergone a remarkable change; he twitched up his eyes, pinched the end of his nose, and stutted for words. "You never told me before," he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "you never told me before that you was a Soscialist. . . ."

Views and Reviews.*

WHY do people republish jeux d'esprit? There is no need to inquire too curiously into the economic interpretation of literature; we may base our objection to republication on a canon of art. Swift has told us of a famous statue of Cato, of which nothing remained but the phallus. It would, indeed, be a phallusy to regard this remnant as a work of art; and Mr. Squire's parodies are similarly devoid of relevance. In THE NEW AGE, where most of them first appeared (a fact not revealed in this volume), these parodies were in their proper place. Their subjects and treatment were familiar to the readers of this journal, and every subtlety and nuance of parody could be appreciated precisely because their relevance could be understood. To write a poem as bad as Masefield's was a good joke in a journal that had proved more than once that Masefield wrote bad poetry. The statement, at the end of the poem, that these Corydons and sy-Phillises had to behave as they were represented as behaving because there was a poet in London who made his living by writing about them, had point in THE NEW AGE; indeed, it had the satirical touch, for it was connected in the reader's mind with all the criticism with which we had scathed Mr. Masefield. But apart from its setting in THE NEW AGE, what point can "The Merciful Widow" have? Like the phallus of Cato's statue, it is but a disjecta membra; and, as Mr. Squire does not acknowledge his connection with THE NEW AGE, one can only conclude that Mr. Squire believes that parody has an existence separate from that which inspires it. I leave the analogy of the phallus without further elaboration.

The fact is otherwise. Satire has an existence separate from its object, because it has a different purpose. "If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business," said Byron in his preface to "The Vision of Judgment," "and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be worse." Take another example from the same writer.

Still must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

That is the mood in which a satirist sets to work. The reader is assured from the outset that, whatever else the writer may do, he will express a definite and unfavourable judgment in language that will make "the galled jade wince." Satire stands apart from its subject on the basis of a different personality, a different purpose; parody is only a parasite on its original, and Mr. Masefield may quite easily regard Mr. Squire as a younger and less efficient member of the same school.

* "Steps to Parnassus." By J. C. Squire. (Latimer. 3s. 6d. net.)

Whatever may be said of the ethics of satire (and Swift called it "the higher police"), its malice is never purposeless. The end justifies the means; the satirist may sometimes do evil, but he does it that good may come, that bad writers may cease to write, that they may not retain the good opinion of a badly instructed public, and that the ancient canons of taste may not be ignored or perverted by such persons as aspire to provide the literature of the nation. Satire, at least, has a moral purpose, which is not unrecognised by its victims or authors. "If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit," wrote the Earl of Rochester of Dryden, "I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the repartee to Black Will and his cudgel." Byron could say, in the postscript to the second edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers": "Since the publication of the thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas, 'the age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit nowadays." But who can suppose Mr. Squire expecting, or Maeterlinck sending, a challenge, even to fisticuffs à la Charpentier, as a retort to "Pelissier and Mariane"? His withers are unwrung; even the five blind, deaf and dumb old men who say "Moo," and "enter the wood on the right," tell Maeterlinck no more than that any fool can make fun of mystery. There can be no satire of Maeterlinck, for the man has no bowels; one might satirise Ixion, but not the cloud; and parody is really superfluous, for Maeterlinck is a parody on drama, poetry, and philosophy.

To what extent Mr. Squire is wasting his gift of imitation (and imitation is a gift, even if actors are beginning to despise it, and to call themselves "creative artists"), may be seen from a quotation from the "Times." The "Times," pardieu, has had enough of Mr. Squire: his first volume "showed an exceptional gift for parody," but this volume—"the Imaginary Reviews for instance," says the "Times"; "there are so many dull reviews written about real books that we surely need not be asked to read five dull reviews about imaginary books." Here is an opinion which supports my contention against republishing jeux d'esprit. Three of these imaginary reviews appeared in THE NEW AGE, where, at least, they were intelligible; even if Mr. Wake Cook (I am sure that he will pardon the statement of the fact) did take the first one seriously. But outside the circle of NEW AGE readers, "who wonders and who cares" about Anarchism in Art, or the recovery of the picturesque by christening motor-buses with classic names? The very delicacy of derision makes these reviews dull to other readers because they are unintelligible.

The point? "A point is that which has position, and no magnitude," said Euclid. Mr. Squire's point, or position, was THE NEW AGE; apart from it, his imitations have no more vitality than plucked flowers. The wit of THE NEW AGE, and its purpose, gave these parodies the rank and tone of satire; apart from it, they are deracinate specimens of the very species that they are intended to subdue. To be as plebeian as Masefield, more empty than Maeterlinck (for Maeterlinck at least borrowed), as dull as any reviewer, is no proper end for such a gifted parodist as Mr. Squire. Let them bide where they be, is good advice and homely; for nothing but the passion of a great purpose can make derivative work of value or interest to the general public. If Mr. Squire's "veins ran lightning," like those of Byron's heroine, his gifts might make his work memorable when that of his subjects was forgotten. But that it might be possible to say, as Byron applied Porson's phrase to Southey, that "he will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten—but not till then," that apart from the people we are trying to abolish his work has no meaning or relevance, is so utter a condemnation that Mr. Squire must give it consideration. Facility of writing is much to a writer, but purpose is more; and it is an unworthy occupation for a man to be showing how easy it is to be a bad poet. A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

The English Review for May. (Not sent for review.)

I stood beneath the Night's unmoved expanse.
And I in liquid depths of wonderment,
Should there have strayed and left a perfect thing,
I was as God; I compassed time and space.
In one long kiss, in whose still ecstasy
Dancing through worlds of water, white of wing,
O'erhangs the shade of dark fatality!

For in the love of you alone I dare
Your soft strong arms around my neck to twine.
And O, my love, your image is undimmed!
Come, O Beloved, through the warm dusk air,
Upbearing thee, but glad to be a wife,
A living moss upon a crumbling clod!

It would be so agreeable always to be able to quote whole poems when these come under criticism. However, we present our readers with the next best thing possible in our present circumstances. The above is a composite sonnet of nine by nine different writers appearing in the "English Review," which line is who's we would not now attempt to decide, but no doubt every ewe knows its own lamb! The sonnet by Mr. Fish is noticed in another column of THE NEW AGE.

Mr. Shaw's dramatic sketch is an absolute disgrace. It is "The Phallinderer," as someone called this, in corsets and creased trowsers, and a trifling mush of suggestion it makes. A man won't crease his trousers and a woman daren't crack her corsets. Mr. Shaw, devotee of reality, is too realistic to overlook these grand facts of modern sex adventures. But he will have sex on the tapis somehow, so he sets his puppets talking sex, rubbing bodies (this is no invention of ours) and conducting themselves in a hotel parlour as though they were safely shut in the parlour of a brothel for impotents. And to think how well the French have done this sort of thing! The art of the evil blossom leaves the scent unexpressed or very vague. Mr. Shaw's bud of evil makes a shouting stink.

M. Henri Fabre writes agreeably about a pond. Mr. Walter Raleigh discloses the secret of Boccaccio; it is the secret of air and light. Very illuminating. Mr. Norman Douglas discusses the Neapolitan massacres in a manner not so badly imitated from Sainte-Beuve. His matter is another question. When an Englishman implores us to have done with "this maudlin cult of mediæval filth and roguery," this period of "existence little more than a round of litanies and assassinations, its monotony enlivened by the buffoonery of knight-errantry," and so on, and so on, we can only ask him please to rub up his sense of proportion.

A friend of the late Charles Henton-Robinson eulogises him in space which might better have been used for the poet's work. This article is stated to have been written while Mr. Henton-Robinson was still alive, and to say the best, it is a commonplace personal tribute. Why not have given the ten pages to Mr. Henton-Robinson himself to fill? "Editorial note.—We regret to learn that Mr. Henton-Robinson passed away while the above article was in the press." No wonder: yet, how very English Reviewish of him! "Ajax" discourses on "Synthetic Man," concluding on the advanced woman's wail for an ideal *sexuality* (italics not ours). Mr. Cescinsky writes on "Faking Furniture," Mr. Austin Harrison appropriately on "blather," "S. O." on "The Yellow Jacket," discovers that the Property Man, who in this play does his work before the audience, is "a new dramatic power, rising to the sublimity of the Æschylean tragedy." Ass!

A Modern History of the English People. Vol. II., 1899-1910. By R. H. Gretton. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Gretton continues his self-appointed task of summarising the things you see in the papers; and if the student desires to get at the facts, as Matthew Arnold declared he did, Mr. Gretton should be just the man for the student. But the facts are not everything. It is perfectly true that motor cars have become

efficient during the first decade of this century; that wireless telegraphy, cinematography, aviation, and Dreadnought men of war, to say nothing of radioactive metals, have all been either discovered or invented during this period, or applied to practical purposes. But what about the English people? Beyond the fact that we went Mafficking in the early part of the century, and that some people regarded that incident as indicative of a change in our character, Mr. Gretton tells us nothing about ourselves. We cannot accept a narration of apparently causeless phenomena as history; we expect an historian to make clear the causes of the happenings that he describes, and to indulge in intelligent prophecy of the outcome of them. Mr. Gretton is only a précis writer of newspaper reports, and his book can only be recommended to those who wish to refresh their memory of recent topics.

Are the Planets Inhabited? By E. Walter Maunder. (Harpers. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Maunder limits his investigations to the chemical reactions in the substance called protoplasm, and to the conditions of temperature which are necessary for those reactions. "It is upon the question of the presence of water that the question of the habitability of a given world chiefly turns. In the physical sense, man is 'born of water,' and any world fitted for his habitation must 'stand out of the water and in the water.'" The investigation leads to a negative conclusion, except perhaps in the case of Venus; but if it should be discovered that Venus always turns the same face to the sun, then Venus must be as uninhabitable as are the rest of the planets. The three chapters on Mars are exceptionally interesting, in view of the fact that even an astronomer like Professor Lowell prefers fantasy to science in this instance. Of course, it is possible that science may yet discover that protoplasm is not the basis of life, or that it does not require fluid water for its activity; but until that happens, we shall have to accept the assurance that we are all alone in the Milky Way, and that even H. G. Wells could not live on any planet but this. Mr. Maunder offers us this consolation: "I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come." We agree to the latter.

The Age of the Earth. By Arthur Holmes. (Harpers. 2s. 6d. net.)

As a volume addressed to the general reader, this addition to "Harper's Library of Living Thought" suffers by its technicality. Mr. Holmes frequently uses words which we cannot find in any dictionary that is handy, and he flings chemical formulæ and mathematical equations about as though they were figures of common speech. Even with these magical aids, Mr. Holmes cannot arrive at a conclusion; the evidence is at once so vast and so conflicting that he can do little more than summarise it, and give an indication of its possible value. If the estimates of sodium accumulation in the oceans lead to one conclusion, sedimentation leads to another; while the astronomical considerations and radio-activity contradict every other sort of evidence. Mr. Holmes reviews the evidence in a final chapter, and discusses the possibilities and consequences of a reconciliation between the various schools of thought on this subject; and he suggests a path which may lead to reconciliation. We hope that it does.

The Faith of All Sensible People. By David Alec Wilson. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Huxley once demonstrated, as only Huxley could demonstrate, that the metaphysician was wasting his time and energy in attempting to prove the possibility of metaphysical knowledge; but he added that it was useless to tell the metaphysician that, for the metaphysician could not help being metaphysical. Mr. Wilson has arrived at similar conclusions—how, he does not tell us; but he has forgotten Huxley's rider. This little book cannot pretend to be authoritative; the attempt to prove a negative is not made, so we are

spared both argument and the citation of evidence. Mr. Wilson assumes the point at issue, and makes an occasional quotation from Confucius and similar authors to justify his assumption. Of course, he proves nothing except to those already convinced; he has only arrived at the "easy ne quid nimis" of the author of the book of Ecclesiastes, and, with less of his skill, has attempted to state it. "What more doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before thy God?" is the wisdom of a minor prophet; and as until everything is known, we cannot know that nothing can be known, we need not accept Mr. Wilson's assurance unless we choose.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IN the game of imports and exports, drama is not really enterprising. It must be twenty years since musical comedy, in "The Geisha," transported itself to Japan. The opera of "Madame Butterfly" showed us, if I remember rightly, an American naval officer causing a Japanese girl to break her heart for love. Japan has now become an exporting country, and instead of white men succumbing to or escaping from the charms of Japanese girls, in "Typhoon," Japanese men are settled in Paris, with the usual results. One of them becomes entangled with a harlot (in literature and drama Paris is the home of the harlot), strangles her, and thus provides the usual third act of the drama of passion, the scene before the investigating judge. We have all the details of the regulation European play, with a few Japanese added for the sake of picturesqueness. Yet within three years of its first production, the play has been presented in every capital city of Europe; and we are told, in a publisher's note, that "for the first time, wound round a story of deep human emotion, a dramatist has set himself to study the ever-increasing impact of Western ideas and civilisation upon the East." It is to be hoped that the second time a dramatist attempts to do this, he will not wind himself round a story of deep human emotion.

What is this story? As I have said, it is a common one. Dr. Tokeramo is supposed to be in Europe on a secret mission, the nature of which is never disclosed but which seems to be the collection of information that may help to achieve the future omnipotence of Japan. "That is the secret of our success," says Tokeramo. "We search out the wisdom of the world. Generations have turned to dust, martyrs have died in agony to build up this mighty European civilisation; yet all that is of value in it, we have annexed in fifteen years." It is the usual thing for a dramatist to complicate an intellectual problem with a story of passion, so Melchior Lengyel introduces his harlot. She is the type of woman that any fool might pick up without going to Paris: the "I love you: no, I don't" type that has neither manners, wit, nor passion. Inferior to Sapho, she is not even the economic woman that Nana was; she resembles these prototypes only in the power of abuse when she is angry, a characteristic that is not typical only of the whore. The first act is the usual Delilah scene, if it is not derived from the story of "Bluebeard"; the woman is curious about the man's work, is, of course, jealous of it, because the man is always secret about it, and is not entirely at her mercy. So, like Delilah, she tries to make the man sleep upon her knees; and just as she exclaims: "You are in my power," he draws back, and she is left lamenting. At the end of the first act, he is truly in her power; but beyond knowing that the "aim of Japan" is entrusted to her lover, she is still ignorant.

As the scene of the play is in Paris, there is, of course, a poet—a drunken poet and another lover of the harlot. Tokeramo, who is supposed to have secret

information of most things, does not know of Hélène's affair with Renard-Beinsky until the second act, although Beinsky's visit in the first act would have enlightened anybody else. Even in the first act, the reminiscence of "Sapho" in Hélène's use of a phrase derived from Renard-Beinsky, ought to have taught the truth to so subtle a man as Tokeramo; but not until his friends inform him, in the second act, that Beinsky is in intimate relations with Hélène does Tokeramo determine to "test this Monsieur Renard-Beinsky." When Beinsky says that he is going to marry Hélène, we are carefully told in a stage direction that "Tokeramo knows that Hélène has been deceiving him about this Beinsky." Wonderful: the audience knew it at the beginning of the first act. After this discovery, Tokeramo does either the European or the Japanese thing. For the first time, he speaks from his heart: he tells Hélène that she has deceived him. She denies it: he orders her to go. She argues until he rests his head in her lap, and, having won, she proceeds to enjoy her triumph. Insult follows insult, of the gutter-scrub type, until she throws her gloves at the portrait of the Mikado. Then "Typhoon"; and Tokeramo strangles her. The insult to the portrait of the Mikado is the only novelty in this scene, otherwise, it might be matched from numberless police reports of modern "tragedies."

The "impact of Western ideas" is not apparent. With the best will in the world, we cannot describe Hélène as an intellectual. What has really happened is that Melchior Lengyel has tried the effects of a European drama on a Japanese. He has been compelled to assume that, at bottom, men are all the same, that a Japanese is as susceptible to sexual passion as a member of any European race. The re-actions, of course, are different. The Japanese would probably argue that a man who had so ludicrously betrayed himself was not a fit person to carry out the work of Nippon, and that he ought to be left to his fate at the hands of European justice. But everybody knows that a drama of passion which has the scene laid in Paris must have a scene in the room of the investigating judge; and everybody also knows that a Japanese of high degree commits hari-kari when he has disgraced himself or been disgraced. Allow for these two well-known facts, and you have the explanation of the last two acts of the play.

Tokeramo does not die on the scaffold. The Japanese agree among themselves that he is too valuable to the cause of Japan to be so sacrificed; besides, the author has determined that hari-kari is the fitting end for Tokeramo. The youngest of the Japanese gives himself up to the police as the murderer, and the investigating judge is shown as being so acute in unveiling the mystery of the Japanese character that, of course, Tokeramo's confession is accepted as proof positive of the guilt of the person accused. Hironari is sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, and the way to the last act is clear.

What is the upshot of it all? Japan has caught our disease, and caught it badly. Their patriotic boasting about Nippon will avail them nothing; they drank the hemlock in 1869, and the poison is rapidly killing them. They may think it possible to obtain the civilisation of Europe without its corruption; but the thought only betrays their lack of wisdom. Our first defence against the Japanese was our armaments; we have taught them the manufacture and use of the implements of war. But if their own tradition and civilisation cannot save them from our women, if sexual passion can reduce them to a state of gibbering idiocy that is natural to most Europeans, then Japan is doomed to become only an Eastern slum. It is easy to tag on, as Lengyel does, a few commonplaces about "Love must conquer hate," and forgiveness, but if the Japanese are a Heaven-descended race, as they boast, they will have to find some more effective means of forgiving Europe than building warships, establishing factories, and murdering prostitutes. We do all these things ourselves, and we are not descended from Heaven.

* "Typhoon." By Melchior Lengyel. English version by Laurence Irving. Methuen. 2s. net.

Art.

A Stroll Down Bond Street.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

IF artists still represent the most dashing, the most daring, and the freest spirits in the community, then this age must be the tamest and most harmless that the world has yet seen. But everyone knows that he must now look elsewhere than in painters' studios for daring and dash. If anything at all has a clean conscience to-day and feels that it can deploy all its power, that thing is not art; it is the very reverse of art. No wonder, then that painters, sculptors, and even caricaturists are so inoffensive, so meek and subservient. The ordinary common or garden painter to-day is a mere modest impresario of Nature as the city man likes her to be presented. He scarcely ever towers above her in any sense or form; but he can present her dramatically, sweetly, faithfully, or grotesquely. His drama is a question of thunder clouds, hills, sunsets, moonlight effects, or witch-like trees. His sweetness consists in predilection of quaintly pretty little bits of rural scenery, with a flower here, a thatched roof there, a pretty milkmaid there, or a hay-wain. His fidelity consists in squatting just wherever his tired legs compel him to do so, and in painting exactly what lies before his eyes as exactly as possible. And his grotesqueness is invariably distortion of the Ally Sloper quality.

It occurs to me that Mr. Alfred Rich, of the Walker Galleries, belongs to the first class; Mrs. Allingham of the Fine Art Society is a real genius of the second class; Messrs. Littlejohns, Redworth and Richmond, of the Walker Galleries, are trying to be worthy examples of the third class, and Mr. Lawson Wood (also of the Walker Galleries) is a member of the fourth class.

Mr. Lawson Wood is betrayed by his colour—it is always charming and free from even a lap-dog's modicum of malice. His caricatures are straightforward, clownish, English fooling of the schoolboy quality. Awkward and burly policemen, truculent and shapeless City men, roguish street urchins, dowdy old ladies and fair "flappers"—these are his marionettes. For incident, he appeals to the whole catalogue of things that make a good-natured but stupid music hall audience roar with laughter: motor breakdowns, horse-play physical maladaptations of all kinds, snowball throwing, etc. The most innocent French caricaturist would scorn to poke fun at his fellows in this puerile fashion. But it says something for the eternal boyishness of the Englishman that this heavy, sueted humour should be so popular. Mr. Lawson Wood's colour is that of a good-natured, tasteful and happy hunting parson; it is full of the milk of human kindness.

A little lower down, on the right, in Bond Street I came upon the exhibition of the Three Arts Club at the Baillie Gallery—a regular pot-pourri of London pictures and painters.

Many years ago I came to the distressing conclusion that Mr. Hugh J. Riviere, despite all his distinguished relatives, would never make anything more than a very mediocre painter; and here, indeed, I found two pictures which sadly reminded me of my desperate forecast. Mr. Hugh J. Riviere is known to me chiefly in connection with his "Garden of Eden" and his portrait of his famous father. At the Baillie Gallery he has two portraits, one of a lady of 1910, and another of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. They are both poor; and Mr. G. K. Chesterton for some reason or other is made to look for all the world like the principal boy in a pantomime. A soft, sweet expression illumines his countenance, his eyes are upcast, and he is resting gracefully by the wayside, as though awaiting some fair princess with whom he will probably sing a duet of love. I have said before in these columns, I think, that no painter ought to attempt to paint the portrait of any one whose character he, the painter, does not to some extent comprehend and comprise in his own body. A portrait painter ought to be a psychologist of no mean attainments. The part cannot include the whole. I suggest

that the trouble at the bottom of this portrait of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, by Mr. Hugh J. Riviere, is that the latter did not comprehend and comprise the former in his own nature—or not a sufficient amount of the former to help him to read who Mr. G. K. Chesterton actually is. After all, one only understands oneself in others, and the more complicated a man's character is the greater number of people he will be able to "place" and to comprehend. The complications of Mr. Riviere's nature certainly contain very little of the chemical whose formula is G. K. C., otherwise this portrait would have been a different performance.

Ethel Wright is generally poor all through this show. She has not a craftsman's conscience, and I do not think she will ever acquire one if she persists in her present poster style. Messrs. Philip Connard (No. 19), William Nicholson (No. 15), T. Austin Brown (No. 32) and Glayn Philpot (No. 25) are also very disappointing. I confess that very little from these men ever does please me; but in this gloomy gallery, they look particularly uninteresting.

In the next room everything was in such utter darkness that I am afraid numbers 35 to 87 had to be taken on trust. I made an attempt at putting on the light myself, but the sudden fizzing and sparking of an arc-lamp in the first room so alarmed me that I quickly put the switches back. It is true that I might have called one of the attendants. But I cannot say what feeling of apprehension at last prevailed and made me leave the room entirely alone. Was it a look at Mr. Clausen's "The Big Chimneys" (No. 62) which, despite the gloom, was sufficiently plain to drive me thence? In any case an indescribable feeling came over me, which seemed to imply that this veil of darkness was all for the best. I will say this for the Gallery people, though, that it was very dark and overcast outside all the afternoon.

The three plums in the third room are undoubtedly the Hon. John Collier's "Under the Arc Light" (No. 119) and Mr. Rowley Leggett's Portrait (No. 122) and Sketch (No. 125). There is something ineffably melancholy about the Hon. John Collier's work. In its presence it is difficult not to feel that here a great and generous talent for something—let us say *x*, has been entirely squandered. There are an ability for taking pains, a conscientious study of detail, and a Quixotic predilection for futility, which might certainly have been turned to some account. It is hard to believe, however, that the *x* in question is pictorial art. As for Mr. Rowley Leggett one can feel but indignation.

Pursuing my way still farther and arriving at the Patterson Gallery at the very foot of Bond Street, I introduced myself for the first time to David Edström's work. David Edström is a middle-aged Swedish sculptor, who seems to have suffered more severely than most from Rodin's influence. He may say that he has never met, seen or studied Rodin. In that case all I can say is that they happen to be extraordinarily alike in their faults. They both have an incomprehensible love of the ugly and the amorphous. They both degenerate very easily into caricature in portrait work, and they are both frenzied romanticists. Of about 35 portrait heads, only two are at all pleasant to look at (Nos. 3 and 16) and the first of these is but a sketch. The rest are a series of people one would dread to meet, and whose portraits, if faithful, are the cruellest record of unfortunate features that could be imagined. But one has the feeling that Edström is not happy at all in moulding portraits. His real spirit, his Gothic love of fluid, tortuous, ugly and grotesque bodies and forms, is revealed in Nos. 34, "The Demon of Fear," 35, "The Demon of Envy," 46, "Cliff," and 28, "Clouds." These seem to represent his top wave of artistic achievement. O Rodin! Rodin! You have a lot to answer for! There is a law in France which punishes people who are guilty of "détournement de mineurs." Now an artist who has not yet found himself is a "mineur" even if he be over thirty years of age. I wonder how many times Rodin's work has committed this crime.

Pastiche.

"HAMLET."

March 22, 1913.

I JOINED the straggling line. It grew and grew
 So long, a policeman turned it serpentine;
 Astounded, I, to find so much ado
 Anent a bard exaltingly divine,
 And one, withal, of such forbidden sweetness—
 Who quaffed sequestered springs to such complete-
 ness.

Perturbed—for I had trailed renege hours
 O'er the bejewelled page—I scanned each face
 Around, and caught at gusts and passing showers
 Of unrestrained talk. Not off a trace
 Found I, alas, of chast'ning lucubration,
 Or much but Lilliputian elation.

And when came one who chaunted, shambling by,
 Chaotic pæans to Bacchus (or a fool's
 Tribute to Wineless Bung) and mouths awry
 Relaxed, revealing—haply, leering ghouls,
 Then, 'neath a portico of Drury Lane,
 I trembled for a bard's immortal pain . . .

Our plaudits swayed reverberant to the roof,
 Prolonged, intense. Uncannily, I heard,
 For, certes, most of us were quite aloof
 From the gilded fount whence streamed the magic word,
 Yet, maugre this, we made the rafters ring,
 For Shakespeare, prima facie, seemed "the thing!"

Applause like thunder? Ay, and sudden squalls,
 For when the bard indulged a pensive pause
 We scuttled him to shelter with our bawls,
 What time we drenched the actor with applause.
 Poor Will, to roam on such a stormy night
 Parnassus, 'neath the "gods'" capricious spite!

Loud in the roof behind us moaned the wind,—
 Portentous motif brooding o'er the theme
 Of Hamlet's vengeance. . . . Still, we looked behind,
 And fidgetted, and grumbled, prone to deem
 Its wild, symphonious monodies intrusions—
 (And clapped the band's horrisounous effusions).

Wert there, compatriots? . . . Well, I, too, have been
 In many a tranquil, fair, reclusive nook
 Where light may filter through a leafy screen
 Or mellowing shade to soft-illumine the book.
 'Tis there we'll hear the bard serenely sing. . . .
 Mob-worship seems a raucous, hollow thing.

ALBERT ALLEN.

A GENERAL LETTER.

Dear Mr. Aldington,—Please receive this with the end of the burst of enthusiasm with the beginning of which I begin it. If I'd thought of writing to you before, you would have heard from me long ago! One really does get too rapidly to the absolute end of one's correspondence list! It's like pens themselves; you try one, and that's wrong, and then another and another, and finally you have to come back to the first—what they call a vicious circle, I believe! Not that this quite applies here, as, of course, you aren't one of my regulars. I suppose you will expect me to explain how I came to *bother* you (ha, ha!) with a letter, as we only met casually. (Letter IX.). You see, I was looking round for someone to write to, and your name—"Dear Mr. Aldington"—seemed such a nice flowing one to begin a letter with. Besides, you are very far away, and that's always an advantage! By the time I have to write to you again (I never drop friends once I've taken them up) I shall have a lot more news to fill up with. How I should *love* to be with you, just, as it were, gallivanting through Italy! A kindred soul is everything on these tours, and I think that the each-pay-our-own system, which I feel sure you would insist on, does do away with any possible feeling of dependence! If you were in London now (what a splendid thing it is for young men to get away from society!) you would find it very dull! Town's crowded, and everybody's rubbing shoulders with anybody; only quite the nobodies are out of it as usual. It seems rather a shame, but I'm sure I do my best to brighten dull lives. I see and write to scores of people who aren't quite the cream! Do you know, I do think you ought to try and write a play. Pardon my presumption, *please*, in advising you. But the theatres are simply packed with rubbish really, and that's what set me thinking about it. Well, I'm afraid you will think this a terribly tedious epistle, yet one can never judge about what one writes oneself, can one? If you come across anyone else also abroad and needing a sympathetic and deeply interested correspondent,

do pass this on. Everybody is alike fundamentally, aren't they? With more good wishes than I have time to express, believe me, yours most truly, OLD CAT.

P.S.—Excuse scrawl, as my dear little Fido is getting impatient for his trot; but I must just apologise in case it's twopence-halfpenny and not a penny. I'm not certain about it, but, of course, I shall know by what you put on yours. People on the spot are always so well-informed, aren't they? T. K. L.

THE ULTIMA THULE.

I was in a brown study when he arrived. It was on a night in April, fresh with spring showers.

"Hullo!" I cried. "Who are you?"

"I've come," he said irrelevantly. "I've come at last. Saturday was my day. I came out on Saturday."

"I'm sorry you've come," said I, "because—because I don't think I exactly want you. What can I do for you, anyway?"

"Take me in," he answered, with a smile.

"What! another—tramp? But you won't care for a place like this; you look so—so—er—you know? Just so-so!"

He peered around at my sombre simplicity: the brown distempered walls, the low loaded bookcases of ancient oak, the plain brown linoleum—brown everywhere, except for a shaded candle and the glowing fire.

"Dull," he said frankly.

I laughed.

"You don't know the charm of a brown study," I explained. "You never will. Sit in this chair and look at the next corner: it is not there! Nothing is, in a brown study. All around is distance, immeasurable distance, and depth.

He sniggered.

"What the devil do you want?" I cried angrily.

"Ah! now we come to the point," he said. "What do you think of me?"

"You? Who are you?"

"I am It, the only It, the sine qua non, the absolute limit, the outside edge, the very last Thing!"

"Let's hope so," I replied sarcastically. "I don't much care for things."

"In my general appearance and format," he continued, "I shall not depart from tradition. I am a good old English gentleman. Ah! but I *shall be* a critic, wait and see. A fresh young critic caught in the last shower of rain."

"A cannot be both B and C at one and the same time," said I, puzzled greatly. "It is equally impossible for A to be either B or C at any time. A must always be A: that is the law of the alphabet."

He smiled indulgently.

"You don't know much about me," he said.

Then he waddled up to the fire, turned his back upon it, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, flapped his fingers, blew out his tum, and began:—

"I intend to occupy a place which hitherto has been left unfilled. I shall talk unceasingly on all current political, social, religious, and intellectual questions; but in doing so I shall be bound by no ties of party, class, or creed. I am very broad-minded, you see (proudly tapping his tum). Naturally, like every other common person, I have certain prepossessions of my very own (stroking the tum), a definite point from which I view each new issue as it arises or descends. Indeed, I have more than that: I have a definite ideal, at which I am consciously aiming. Of course, I shall do nothing. But I do believe in the steps which this country and all the other foremost communities in the world (and here he took his tum in both hands) have lately been taking in the direction of a greater corporate responsibility, a greater corporate activity (the tum waggled), and a greater corporate control, and—er—I look forward to a time when this growing corporate life (affectionately nursing the tum) will be developed to a point far beyond anything that has yet been carried out or even planned in any part of the world. . . . I have said enough, I think, to show you where I stand, and to convince you, I hope, that the New Statesman—"

"Good God! are you the New Statesman?"

He grinned, and patted the tum. I laughed long and loud. And then I wept.

"I beg your pardon," I apologised, when I recovered.

"I thought you were the new landlord. My quarter's rent is overdue, and I've searched every crevice of this—er—er—garret, and I can't find a penny anywhere. I wonder if you—"

But the Statesman flew!

MORGAN TUD.

A MODERN SONNET.

(The Octave by a certain minor poet; the Sestet by P. Selver.)

"I am of that chaste fellowship who write
Their own sad liturgy of mystic things.
I watch the budding of my golden wings,
Aloof, a rapt sequestered anchorite."

"What mortal shall essay to scale the height,
Whereon my ruthless-taloned yearning clings,
And sings and sings and sings and sings and sings,
Beyond the paltry ken of human sight?"

But here our poet suddenly grew mute,
A joyous optic set him all aquake.
He left his lager, starting in pursuit,—
And who shall tell how long his quest will take?
So, loath to leave his sonnet incomplete,
I fill the tally of the missing feet.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—At the conference of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association held at Edinburgh on April 10, the following resolution was proposed, discussed, and, finally, carried by a substantial majority: "That the Postal Telegraph Service shall be managed by the people employed in it on a basis of popular control, the rates for the various services alone being controlled by Parliament." The debate on the subject extended over an hour, and, in the course of it the following able speech was delivered in defence of the resolution by Mr. J. C. Craven, the Secretary of the Hull Branch of the P.T.C.A. We are much obliged to him both for the speech and for his report of it.

Mr. J. C. CRAVEN:—

The present programme of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association is a statement of what we consider to be just and reasonable conditions of service, but if that programme was conceded in its entirety to-morrow there would still remain a substantial body of grievances quite untouched, and which would never be touched, no matter how sweeping and generous the concessions made to us. These grievances have their origin in the system by which we are governed, and are inherent in that system.

Nominally, we are ruled by King and Parliament, but Parliamentary control of the Civil Service is a sham. In theory, fair and just treatment is guaranteed to us by the elected representatives of the people; but owing to the large variety of interests contained in the Civil Service, and the manifold duties of a member of Parliament, the supervision of matters of detail is impossible, and, owing to the malign influence of Party politics, impartial decisions on matters of principle are prevented. Nearly every question, from the largest to the smallest, is treated from the point of view of the Treasury, and Treasury stinginess is proverbial. The farce of Parliamentary control was revealed a few months ago when the Postmaster-General, in reply to a request for an interview from one of the associations, pleaded that he was too busy to grant the request, owing to a heavy Parliamentary session.

The Postal Service is in reality governed by a class of men who are paid employees themselves. This fact was strikingly brought out before the Select Committee to inquire into Post Office grievances when the conundrum of "Which is the department, and which is the staff?" was propounded, and no satisfactory solution could be obtained. The ruling officials of the Postal Service possess all the vices of the private employer, without any of his virtues, for, whereas they have unlimited Treasury authority for economising and grinding down, they have no authority for improving and raising up. Hence, we get all the meanness of the capitalist system without any of its amenities.

The chief feature of the class of paid servants who rule the Postal Service is that they select themselves. Each official selects his own subordinates, or, in official terminology "recommends for promotion," and the men so selected are those who exhibit in the greatest degree certain characteristics, which are a certain holding aloof from their fellows, a superstitious regard for red tape, and lack of initiative and original ideas. The men so selected are required to work according to established precedents, and to closely follow the traditions of the Service. In this way a stereotyped class is produced, which is inevitably behind the times, and incapable of keeping in touch with modern progress.

These officials have obligations to their superiors only,

they have no obligations to their inferiors; and here lies the crux of the whole matter. The outstanding fact in modern industrial organisation is that the administrators are people placed above the workers instead of people working in co-operation with them. A man's nature rebels against dominion over him by others, and no system can last in which a man is virtually a slave. Trades Unionism has been produced by the desire of the workers for greater freedom, and when Trades Unionism fully knows itself it will demand absolute control of the industrial machine.

The whole system whereby labour is treated as a mere marketable commodity is wrong and demoralising. It has resulted in the degradation of labour, deterioration in the quality of service rendered, and has introduced into the heart of Society a canker which has its evidence in labour unrest. Labour unrest is more than a demand for better pay and conditions, it is a demand for a superior status. Pay and conditions have dominated the Labour movement in the past, because they have been matters of life and death, and the deeper question of the status of labour has been overlooked, but the time is rapidly approaching when it will be recognised that here lies the key to the whole problem.

It was the desire for freedom in man that produced political independence, and the same desire for freedom will lead him to industrial independence. It is degrading to be told that you *must* do this and that, and men naturally resent the dictatorship over their lives by others which obtains at the present day. It is quite possible for industry to be managed by the mutual agreement of those employed in it.

The fact of innumerable conferences of workers meeting year after year to discuss ever-growing agenda of grievances indicates that the workers are rapidly realising their inferior position, and it is impossible that such a state shall last for long. There is no other permanent and satisfactory basis for industry than the one pointed out, namely, that the worker shall control his own labour.

Trades Unions as the monopolists of labour power should control Industry, and contract with the State to perform the kind of work for which they stand. Members of a Trades Union should control their own work through elected officials.

It is generally recognised that even under present conditions organised labour is superior to unorganised labour. Sir Rufus Isaacs, speaking recently in the House of Commons, said: "It does seem to me that organised labour is the best labour. I do not think anyone who knows the conditions of labour in this country will differ from me when I say that the best workmen are union workmen."

If this is the case under present conditions, what a tremendous increase in the efficiency of labour would result from the conditions outlined! While labour is treated merely as a thing to be hired, good work will never result. Good labour requires a certain individual association with the work, which results in pride in the work, because it, in some measure, contains a part of the worker's individuality, and this can only be obtained when man regains his self-respect and independence by controlling his own work.

At present, it is not possible to produce a detailed scheme for carrying out the ideas presented, but I believe that everything which is morally right is practically possible. To the unimaginative mind there appear to be great difficulties in the way of achievement, but these should not deter us if we believe in the principle. Democratic control of the State was once deemed an impossibility, but it is now, to some extent, a fact. Present conditions always appear to be natural and inevitable, but if we take a broader view and consider the vast changes which have taken place in the last century we shall realise that changes such as I have indicated are well within the bounds of practicability. If present conditions were viewed from the standpoint of another age they would be deemed quite impossible.

At present, as a Trades Union, we are working to secure a voice in determining our conditions, we are asking for a greater influence in official life, we are seeking an extension of our present meagre measure of official recognition, and I submit that this resolution should be embodied in our programme as the ideal of all our aspirations in this direction.

It is very encouraging to us, and it should also be to your readers, that the principles of the National Guild System are beginning to be understood and incorporated among the objects of Trade Unions. These bodies, it is plain to see, have come to the end of their tether as purely defensive organisations. Wages, they have discovered, cannot be raised, as wages, beyond a maximum level fixed by competition. No matter how much profits may in-

crease, the level of wages will remain much the same, being determined entirely by the cost of production of the proletariat. Under these circumstances, it will be imperative that the Trade Unions should define a new object for themselves. Otherwise, they are doomed to mark time in their present status to eternity. But to progress they must needs find a new principle; and we are as certain as mortals can be that the new principle is that now incorporated in their objects by the Postal Telegraphists. We repeat our thanks and congratulations to this Union for having pioneered the new principle; and we earnestly implore other unions to follow their example without delay. Once put the principle of co-management with the State on the programmes of the unions, the practical steps towards it can be taken at leisure.

We have received a copy of an important circular which has been issued by the British Dental Association. In view of the fact that the dental profession will sooner or later be brought under the Insurance Act, and of the reflection that the medical profession made such a mess by reason of its unpreparedness, the British Dental Association has already begun its preparations for accepting service under the Government, but *on its own terms*. The outline of the proposed organisation is described as a "Scheme for the Supply of a Public Dental Service by Registered Dental Practitioners"; and the details bear all the marks of its authors having seized the main principles which must govern modern national guilds. In one respect, however, to our lay mind the scheme appears to us to be defective; it is in the provision and guarantee of a minimum income to all its members. As we understand the scheme, it is proposed to unite the dentists of the given areas in panels, after the medical model, and then to leave them to scramble for patients, the number of whom would determine remuneration. But this is scarcely consistent with the Guild as we understand it. Members once accepted for a panel must be guaranteed a minimum salary on condition that their conduct is professionally honourable, and independently of the number of cases they may attend. Proportionate payments may be made for the latter when they exceed an agreed average, but the minimum salary should be secured to members in any case. However, as the scheme is still under discussion, we do not doubt that this defect in it will be fully considered.

THE WRITERS OF THE ARTICLES ON "GUILD SOCIALISM."

* * *

OMNIPOTENT PROLETARIAT.

Sir,—I really do not see more than a hair-splitting difference in meaning between "the impossibility of the proletariat ever having an effective voting power" and "the political and physical power of the proletariat can never be strong enough to nationalise the means of production and distribution against the combined resistance of the propertied classes"; nor do I see how either squares with the statement that the "proletariat could at least hold the balance of power," and play off one party against the other and so improve labour conditions. But I am glad to see this endorsement by Mr. Finn of a theory I have always thought to be at least plausible, namely, that the present Labour Party should take advantage of the fortuitous, almost providential, voting equality of the two recognised chief Parties, to make government by either of them an impossibility. Granted that the immediate result of such action would just be to put "in" those who are "out," it can hardly be doubted that the Labour Party would regain the confidence of the proletariat, which—if we are to believe the "Daily Herald" as our authorised mouthpiece—it has forfeited; that it would then gain in strength with each succeeding election, and, finally rend the veil, already very threadbare, which conceals the real enemy behind the two false friends who alternately flatter and delude us. Unluckily, this theory of mine, like all other theories now being mooted for the benefit of mankind, depends upon a big, big "if." THE NEW AGE insistently argues that political power is impossible without economical power, and the gist of Guild Socialism (remember, I am one of the thirty millions!) is the advice: "Put money in thy purse." Speaking for myself, I should be delighted to follow that advice—if I only knew how. But Guild Socialism, so far, at any rate, has not let me into that secret, and now, here is Mr. Finn telling me he is quite indifferent about my conversion, that I'll always have to do as I'm bid, in short, reconcile myself to the servile state. I seem to have landed myself into a three-cornered duel—Mr. Finn is firing at me, I am blazing at you; it's your turn, Sir, to have a go at Mr. Finn. "Shot for shot, and d—n all favours," said Mr. Biggs!

I fear I am constitutionally unfit to pursue these Uto-

pian theories with the requisite philosophical seriousness; but, if I laugh, I hope I do so not ill-naturedly. I am Sancho Panza, anxious to get my promised island, but I both admire and love my Knight of the Rueful Countenance engaged in his lofty enterprises, and will follow him, ay, to the year 3000, with all the faith and hope that are in me. I should not be grudge a little cheerfulness to enable me to withstand the blanket-tossing a Sancho has to put up with on the road.

"If," say I, "the Labour Party would turn out the two false friends, then we should have a good, square fight." "If," says THE NEW AGE, "we had the money in our purse, then all would be well." "If I can succeed," says Mr. Finn, "in proving by the trustification of all national industries," and so on, that all countries will be as one country; that all wars, military and commercial, will cease; that wealth will abound for all; that everyone will live in comfort and security; that the struggling, scheming capitalists themselves will be at peace—"then my cause will be won," and won, too, without me and my thirty millions. Provoking!

Ay, then! "But—." The inevitable quotation is too familiar. Your readers, Sir, can all fill in the blank. Meanwhile, you will see, that a large stock of cheerfulness must be laid in, if it is to last till A.D. 3000.

FELIX ELDERLY.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The "Daily Herald" explains its suppression (or, to be quite exact, its compression) of the evidence of THE NEW AGE before the Marconi Committee as due to its sub-editors' sense of proportion. It is curious—is it not?—that the same sub-editorial sense of proportion governed one other paper only than the "Daily Herald," and that also was a Socialist paper, the "Daily Citizen." The inexperienced sub-editors of the "Times" devoted over a column to the report; the Press, London and provincial, also gave the great bulk of the evidence; but the sub-editors of a journal circulating amongst Socialists exclusively preserved their sense of proportion by compressing to two or three lines the evidence of the only Socialist journal called before the Committee. Sir, it will not wash; and as a journalist older probably than any on the staff of the "Daily Herald," I say they know it will not wash with professional journalists. The marks of snobbery and jealousy are all over the "Daily Herald," as they are over the "Daily Citizen," over the "Labour Leader," and over the "Clarion." None of these journals ever mentions, if it can avoid it, the mere existence of the others. Even when reporting the May Day procession, the "Daily Citizen" refused to name the "Daily Herald" as one of the chief items. Will the "Daily Herald" accept a sense of proportion as an explanation. Don't be silly, my children, I would say to them. The world is not quite full of fools. They can see how Socialists love one another, and they can grin or sigh at their ideals run. It is still true, as Shaw said, that Socialism would be possible if it were not for Socialists.

The snobbery, however, that forbids timid journals to mention THE NEW AGE on their own unsupported judgment (a frail reed, as they know) will shortly, if I am not mistaken, be changed to fulsome adulation; from which your writers will probably suffer as much as from neglect. It only requires a few men of weight and standing to praise THE NEW AGE publicly to ensure a flock of claqueurs following them, blowing their penny horns. And the first condition is shaping. Mr. Walter Sickert, for example, refers to THE NEW AGE as the "profoundest and most stimulating critic living," and specially commends to the attention of the "Daily News" readers THE NEW AGE notes on qualitative and quantitative production. In the "New Witness" of last week Mr. G. K. Chesterton discusses sympathetically the "Guild-Socialism" of THE NEW AGE, with, however, a pessimistic conclusion that comes strangely and, to my mind, sadly from him. "There is no Socialism," he says; "there is no Syndicalism—these things are not in the past, present, or future of the world. There is freedom, and there is slavery." Why, so there is! But which is England's to be?

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—I am one of those who make a living by pleasing—a true artist, therefore—but one not well acquainted with law. I have a servant—butler or footman, I don't know which. I expect him to make himself generally useful and obliging. Anyway, he certainly lives by my earnings. I want to know, if he is impertinent, can I send

him to gaol? Up to now I have only been able to dock his wages, and then he threatens to leave. If I were able to have him imprisoned, life would be much more simple and pleasant to me. Please look up the new Act for our information.

DORA DARLING.

* * *

WHAT IS FEMINISM?

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the courtesy of Mrs. Hastings' reply, and to thank her for the partial illumination of my mind. But the unlit area cries for light; and, with your permission, I now go about to seek satisfaction. Unless I am to conclude that Mrs. Hastings' endorsement of Hesiod's definition of woman as an "irremediable woe" is literal, I may ask what means Mrs. Hastings suggests for mitigating, if nothing else, the woe of women, both as regards men and themselves. It is surely not a historic view of the world that woman is of exactly the same degree of wretchedness at all times and in all places; during some periods in some places women have been less or more of a woe; and the question arises, granted that this our time finds women more of a woe, how to make them less of a woe. The means, supposing means to exist within human reach, are plainly men and women; and the very direct question I desire to put to Mrs. Hastings, as a woman, is what she would advise a (woman to do and be) man to do to mitigate the woe of feminity, which at this moment we will admit to be above its normal intensity.

Vienna.

GEORGE HIRST.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: At some periods certainly women were less woeful than they appear now; but in such times they had not taken all labour except their own for their province. The remedy which I shall mention presently lies not in women's hands, but in men's. The suffrage movement is now symbolical of nothing more amusing than votes for women; but the women who so enthusiastically used to contribute their husbands' guineas to the cause would never have turned speculators for a vote. The vote symbolised two expectations—economic independence (including salaries for wives) and free love. We did not realise that the vote symbolises to men something that is far outside both money and sex, that it is, at its best, of intellectual and spiritual significance to them. Men's realisation of the veiled spirit of politics caused them to oppose us with resolution which we never dreamed was possible in connection with nothing but an old vote.

Now, the women who thought that the vote symbolised sexual liberty were at least somewhat aware of the *humanity* of politics in contrast with the sanitary-inspecting ladies whose most subtle aspiration was a "Government job." These women with the emotional grievance were therefore naturally the first to realise their mistake. They retired, I hope, to put their ideals into practice. They suffered from the company of women who confused free love with promiscuity. Promiscuity is a perfectly private affair, and should always be trackless. Free love, on the other hand, always becomes known, and people who risk it risk something rather more bending, if in some cases less galling, than marriage. These women, disgusted with one thing and another, the crackpots and the job-seekers, and learning the incongruity of sex and politics, left the movement. The others remained, importuning stupidly for the moon of economic independence by means of the vote. The chance that the granting of the vote may weaken the tabu of public-spirited employers against female labour promises what may be romantically called "economic independence"; but this had better not be examined very closely. The more, the cheaper! There are three descriptions of women workers: the middle-class lady job-seeker, the married woman and the "pin-money" girl, whom I class together, and the needy single woman. The last alone deserves respect. Besides her necessity, she is usually competent, and, finally, there are blessedly few of her. The other women are the curse of industry, and it is just these to whom the vote may give a standing if men are fools enough to honour blacklegs. The married woman should be legally forbidden to work outside her home, the pin-money girl should be emigrated, and the job-seeker gently chloroformed. To be wholly serious, public opinion ought to tell these women what they are—objects for charity, and ought to treat them as such. By this means the woe of one large type of women would cease at least to be public.

I wrote some months ago in THE NEW AGE that women are abroad to-day because men's standards are lowered. When women are able to compete with men, this should be hint enough to men that they are scarcely doing their

best. The acquisition of encyclopædic knowledge—an affair for youths, and the basis of work—passes to-day for work itself; and as many women are clever at cramming, they pass as intellectual in a society where intellect is measured by University degrees. The remedy for the present feminine triumph amidst mediocrity lies with men, not women. In my opinion, mediocrity in all work will continue so long as men associate intellectually with women, whose dead-weight is that of the serious fool in polite company. Literally, where two or more men are gathered together, a woman may be quite certain that her presence is only tolerated. (Of course, I don't refer to social affairs.) The situation is very pathetic, and most so when men sympathetically try to pretend that there's nothing amiss. But only mean-spirited women could be deceived about it. For the others, the refuge is Fact. It is a great mistake for women to encourage men in mediocrity, since we are nothing except by relation to men, and as they decline we go down with them. If the masculine nation were composed of asses, we should still be their relatives. Of women prominent in history, there is scarcely one who has not owed her position to her personal relation to some important man. At this moment I cannot remember even one. Women here and there have become famous or notorious for acts of devotion or of devilry, but between these extremes are only thousands of generations of men's relatives, presumably more or less mortally useful, ornamental, intelligent, and happy. Honour goes to women whose acts preserve the ideals of the best men. Such women are in the great tradition of women, and owe nothing to accidents of time and place—character directs them that does not vary with circumstances. Such women as our modern sex loves to quote—George Eliot, Mme. Curie, Rosa Bonheur—admirable enough, are much more indebted to their amiable periods than these to them. Woman's intellectual powers need a shelter in order to be developed even to their highest, which is still nothing that would have been missed. The pathetic Fact again! The relief of women from this dreadful new necessity of appearing to be men's equals is a pressing business for men. The only way is for our relatives to raise the masculine standard, avoiding us meanwhile, since we shall be short-sightedly cunning enough to flatter the value of things at our own level. Under the guild system, when standards were high, women were not excluded from competition, but very, very few attempted to compete. Drive us again back home! Goethe said, "If men have to do with women, they will be spun off as from a distaff." Woman is exceedingly suspicious of the Creation, an enemy of discipline, and disdainful of genius. With these three aversions she is equipped to spin man flat enough if he associates unwarily with her.]

* * *

FEMINISM.

Sir,—Only one thing I regret in the recent correspondence on feminism. It is an undignified position for Mrs. Hastings to be in. She can know these women, but they can never know her, nor has she any real weapons with which to fight people who see things only as they are, and have neither ideals nor creative power buried in their depths. One should only command, not talk with, men or women of this type.

In our present European communities the slave element preponderates in practically every individual, both men and women. Mrs. Hastings says that women's moral state is rather lower than is safe for them and the world at large. Is this not equally true of the men of to-day? Is it not true that in any middle-class-ridden community the moral state is degraded and dehumanised? The White Slave agitation is but one manifestation—more obvious, perhaps, than the rest, because it vents itself directly on human flesh. Loss of instinct is the price of acquiring what to-day is called mind. There is suffering in these uncreative minds with so-called knowledge crammed into brains that never can know, and they instinctively inflict suffering on others. Knowledge is the possession and privilege of the creator only, and in the hands of all others it becomes a curse. Is it not equally true of extraordinary men that they are slighted?

I would ask one more question. How far is the instinct of the herd trustworthy in these matters? Can it discriminate between the merely extraordinary, eccentric individual that merely works off the innate energy of its being without really leaving mankind the richer or with wider goals in humanity, and the truly super-ordinary creator who gilds and ennobles the slavish herd by reflection of the sunshine radiating from its own superabundant humanity?

MARIE SCHNEIDER.

FEMINISM IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Your contributors certainly do let us down if you do not. Mr. Randall's attack on Mr. Stratford for not admiring the "heroic suffragettes" can only be actuated by malice. Who is ignorant of "A. E. R.'s" opinion of the suffragettes and of women as a class? If anyone has convinced us of the pathological origin of these indecent tussles with policemen and fish-porters, he has. If anyone has suggested that the descent of the so-called educated woman into the arts has dragged all things low, that man is Mr. Randall—next perhaps only to Mr. Kennedy, another wobbler with whom I shall deal presently. It is sheer want of something to say which sets "A. E. R." attacking a man for not including these women in the roll of genuine martyrs. A martyr does not do his work with a giggling reliance on the forbearance of mobs and on police protection. The suffragettes quite plainly rely on their sex to get off in the end as tomboys. This for the best of them. As for those that invite a tumbling by men of the street, the less said about them the better. Ask the doctors.

Mr. Kennedy, our great teacher of Supermanity, has as little call as Mr. Randall to be philandering with "the monstrous regiment of women." He may name THE NEW AGE ten times in a paragraph, but there will remain at least one reader of "Notes of the Week" who will not make any mistake about THE NEW AGE view of women's bad influence in the arts, politics, industry and social reform. Mr. Kennedy's new-found chivalry is pretty, but what does it amount to? So far as I can see, nothing but a comparison of the best women he can think of with men of whom he professes to think nothing or very little. But sigh no more, ladies, men were deceivers ever. No true man can think of a woman in two ways. She is either the good old-fashioned woman to him, or she is a reformatory blue-stocking, and that is to say an ape of man. Mr. Randall on martyrs and Mr. Kennedy on the female prodigies of examination rooms are simply ludicrous flirts.

S. WEST.

* * *

A WOMAN'S COUNCIL.

Sir,—May I point out that Miss (or Mrs.) Dora Forster's report of the Napolitano case is similar to the man-hating yarns which underlie the White Slave Act now in operation. I know nothing about the case, but I would not accept Miss Forster's version without instantly making arrangements to put myself under external control. The only evidence she quotes comes from Mrs. Napolitano. We are asked to believe that Canada is deliberately persecuting an obscure Italian woman, that that country deliberately released an obscure but dangerous Italian man. One's sensible conclusion is that the authorities early discovered the woman to be a dangerous liar, as she was later proved certainly to be an active homicide. Canada does not harbour any particular feeling for or against obscure Italians! That the woman, if guilty of perjury, was not prosecuted would only be in accordance with men's eternal mercy to weak women. For instance, nothing has been done to the Englishwoman who recently swore lies against two young men. The experience of the world is that women simply cannot be made responsible for what they allege under excitement. Time is too valuable to waste on such trials; lawyers would, no doubt, be ready enough for them, but the plain man won't allow a business which everyday experience assures him would be ineffective. Woman's tongue is sacred, and, so long as she has no power, her allegations can do no great mischief among rational persons. When, however, women show themselves able to promote barbaric legislation like the White Slave Act, we should remember historic lessons, and quell the sex whose notion of "showing their power" is some cruel exercise. The flogging Act of the twentieth century exhibits women—as usual. It is rather worse than useless for Miss Forster to state that women over here opposed the flogging clause. They went literally crazed in public while applauding the Archbishop of Canterbury's Christ-like squeak for the lash. An odd opportunist line here or there in a women's paper won't wash out that memory. There was not to my knowledge one single especial article against flogging written by any woman except Mrs. Beatrice Hastings. If any such were printed, I shall be very glad indeed to add it to my collection of women's writings on this portentous Act.

E. STAFFORD.

* * *

"THREE CLASSES OF WOMEN."

Sir,—Mr. Kennedy carelessly remarks, "In the domain of industry advantage has been taken of women's sex to

pay them less than men." What does he mean, "advantage taken of their reproductive organs"? But these, in fact, are their greatest asset! Sex hasn't anything to do with inferior wages. Women, on the whole, do less and worse work than men. Besides, they are paid really only like all blacklegs out of strike-time. In only one department of human work, namely home-keeping, are women indispensable, and for this work they are paid by absolute maintenance, a wage paid to no man for any work whatsoever. They're a greedy lot, look you!

S. M. ANDERSON.

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"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

Sir,—I hope you can make room for a comment on the amusing incident of the W.S.P.U.'s organised "booming" of the prison doctor who went to see Mrs. Pankhurst. This poor martyr, lying at the gates of death, to be agitated by those cackling roars of "tremendous booming"! Ah, how sad! Fancy, with nerves all shattered, to have a gang of female hooligans launching one into eternity! The W.S.P.U. has fairly given the game away. However, let us hope that the prison doctors will still keep it up, and certify Mrs. Pankhurst as much too ill to be moved exactly so long as she remains abed and the house is properly supervised.

A. M.

* * *

ON CARICATURE.

Sir,—In your issue of last week I observe a letter from a "Victim" alluding to the work of "Tomtitt." "It would be interesting," says the writer, "to know if any of 'Tomtitt's' subjects have protested against the treatment of them." May I, therefore, merely as a "victim," say a word on the subject?

The work of "Tomtitt" is from its very nature exaggerated; for exaggeration is doubtless a legitimate resource of satire. Its one definite purpose, however, to act as a critical reagent for separating the unseen error and precipitating in its real colours distinguishes it completely from the other comic productions of the day. "Tomtitt's" weapons, I must confess, are polished as they are keen, and his sarcasm has not degenerated into spite. This is the first eminent merit most of the "victims" will, I am sure, discern in "Tomtitt."

ANOTHER VICTIM.

* * *

THE MICROZYMAS.

Sir,—I am forced to request the correction of one or two typographical errors in my article on the above. Most important is the substitution of "s" for "z." Béchamp spoke of "Microzymas"; and I have no right to alter his nomenclature.

"Omne vivum e vivo" should take the place of "omne vi sum," etc. The fourth line of the second column should stand "manifesting their presence only under conditions of disease"; and in the seventh line "to prove" should appear after "made."

On page 12, "oil globules" would be more accurate than "fat-globules"; and "those views" more euphonious on repetition than "his views."

HERBERT SNOW.

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